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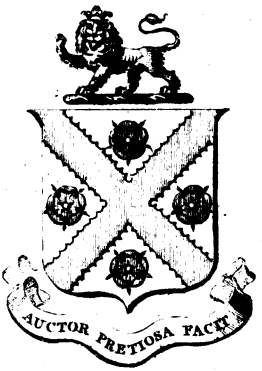

James Lenox.

Return to

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIVES AND CHARACTERS

OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE BAILLIE

OF JERVISWOOD,

AND DE

LADY GRISELL BAILLIE.

BY THEIR DAUGHTER,

LADY MURRAY OF STANHOPE.

PRINTED AT EDINBURGH,

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THE PREFACE.

NEW YORK

To those who are conversant in the history of Scotland during the latter part of the seventeenth century, the names of Sir Patrick Home of Polwarth, (afterwards Earl of Marchmont), and of Robert Baillie of Jerviswood, must be familiar. In their governing opinions on the subjects of civil and religious liberty, and in their devotedness to the cause they had espoused as that of their country and of mankind, as

well as in the bonds of private friendship, these two distinguished persons appear to have been closely united throughout their lives. In their fates and fortunes, however, there was a striking diversity. While the one fell a victim to the vindictive tyranny of the government they had felt themselves compelled to resist, and laid down his life with the serene firmness of a Stoic philosopher, and the meekness of a Christian martyr; the other, after many hair-breadth escapes from a similar fate, survived the faithful associate of his councils, to become eminently instrumental in overthrowing the despotism which had long afflicted their country, and to attain, under another order of things, the highest stations and dignities in the state.

But the intimate connexion of the families of Polwarth and Jerviswood was not to terminate with the death of Mr Baillie; and within the walls of his prison, a youthful attachment had been formed between his only son and the eldest daughter of his friend, which ultimately led, under brighter auspices, to their happy and lasting union.

Of the marriage between Mr George Baillie and Lady Grisell Home, there were two daughters, Grisell and Rachel. The former was married to Mr Murray, afterwards Sir Alexander Murray of Stanhope; the latter, to Charles Lord Binning, eldest son of Thomas sixth Earl of Haddington, from whom are descended the present families of Haddington and of Baillie of Jerviswood.

To Lady Murray, the elder daugh-

ter, we are indebted for the papers contained in this volume; in which, with a pious and affectionate hand, she has delineated the characters and recorded the private virtues of her father and mother, as well as of her grandfather the Earl of Marchmont; and with which she has interwoven some of the many singular incidents of their varied and eventful lives.

These memoirs were plainly not intended for the public eye, and appear to have been drawn up only for the gratification and instruction of her own relatives. Her mind appears to have overflowed with lively and grateful recollections of the many admirable, and many pleasing qualities which had exalted and adorned the character of her parents; and she must

have felt, that in thus transmitting a faithful portraiture of what they were in their domestic life, she could not have bequeathed to their posterity a more precious or useful legacy.

Had her purpose been different, she probably would not have refrained, as she has done, from all consideration of the political transactions and events in which her family had been so deeply concerned; and, which of themselves, with the aid of the many original documents within her reach, might have afforded ample matter for an extended and interesting narrative. But from these thorny paths of discussion, she has prudently kept at a distance; and has brought the public occurrences of the times no further into view than might serve more distinctly

to mark the peculiar temper and habits of the individuals whom she commemorates, and to display, in its real colours, that rare and happy conformation of character, which elevates its owners above every vicissitude of prosperous or adverse fortune.

The original manuscript from which these Memoirs are printed, has been carefully preserved by the family of Jerviswood. From that manuscript an extract of some of the more striking passages was communicated to the late Mr Rose, and published by him in the Appendix to his *Observations on the Historical Work of Mr Fox;* a publication avowedly called forth in defence of certain parts of the political conduct of Sir Patrick Home, and which perhaps derives its most permanent

value from *A Letter of Important Passages in* 1685, written by Sir Patrick to his wife during his exile in Holland*. Nothing, however, in Mr Rose's work has more powerfully arrested the attention of most of his readers, than the anecdotes of Sir Patrick Home and his

* This important historical document, Mr Rose has entitled, *Sir Patrick Home's Narrative of Occurrences in the Expedition of the Earl of Argyle in* 1685.—Among other MSS. of the Marchmont family, it was deposited with Mr Rose as the sole executor of the last Earl, with an injunction to make use of them if he should ever find it necessary. It is earnestly to be hoped that the papers of a statesman of so much historical importance as the first Lord Marchmont, will not always be withheld from the public; and although Mr Rose was led to believe that he had got into his own possession "all the MSS. of the family," it is certain that many others of great value and interest are yet preserved in the archives of Marchmont House.

family; extracted from Lady Murray's papers; and it was this interesting though imperfect account, which first inspired that enthusiastic, yet not over-strained admiration of the character of Lady Grisell Baillie, which has prompted the great modern dramatist of *the Passions* to adopt her as a heroine of the highest order in the scale of female excellence *.

In the following volume, the whole of Lady Murray's composition has been given without any reserve; and in the

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* *Metrical Legends of Exalted Characters, by Joanna Baillie,*—Preface, p. xxv.—The interest so powerfully excited by the Legend of Lady Griseld Baillie,—to say nothing of the friendly challenge of the distinguished author,—has not been without its effect in accelerating the long intended publication of Lady Murray's Memoirs.

Appendix are placed some relative papers which she had been at pains to transcribe, as calculated to illustrate and confirm her estimate of the character of her parents. To these are added, from a different source, a few fragments of the correspondence which Sir Patrick Home carried on with his family under fictitious names, during the earlier years of his exile on the Continent;—to which Lady Murray has alluded in her Memoirs, and which will be read with great interest, as exhibiting the manly and amiable character of the writer in its natural and most pleasing colours.

In these Memoirs of her family, Lady Murray has spoken of herself so transiently, as by no means to exhaust the interest which the reader must feel in

her own history. To gratify, in some degree, this very natural curiosity, a few notices have been thrown together, in an article at the end of this volume, which may afford information to some readers, but which can scarcely fail to excite regret, that a more ample and satisfactory account of the Author has not been given. In her day, she is well known to have been a person of distinguished note in the higher circles of society: her uncommon beauty, —her graceful and courtly air and deportment,—the fascinating sweetness of her manners,—her gaiety of temper and sprightliness of conversation, are still traditionally remembered: but in these pages she has left us a still more durable monument of her cultivated talents, and of the genuine excellence of her own dispositions.

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MEMOIRS

OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE BAILLIE

OF JERVISWOOD.

PLAIN FACTS

RELATING TO MY FATHER'S CHARACTER,

OF WHICH I COULD GIVE MANY MORE.

GEORGE BAILLIE was born at Jerviswood, the 16th day of March 1664; and died at the age of 74 years 4 months and 22 days, at Oxford, August the 6th 1738. He was married 48 years; in all which time, I have heard my mother declare, that they never had the shadow of a quarrel, or misunderstanding, or dryness betwixt them, not for a moment. As he advanced in years and had bad health, he became hasty in

trifles, (but in them only); which I think in my conscience was his only failing; but without any anger or malice in his heart, and the words no sooner out of his mouth than he often begged pardon of my mother, with a kiss; and even to his children, it was plain by his looks, he wanted immediately to have them forget it, as he did himself.

With a rough manly countenance, he had the most tender and affectionate heart, which, with his purse, was ever open to all in distress. He could never resist an object of charity. To his friends that wanted his assistance, I have known several instances where he has borrowed the money to let them have it.

I have three times in my life been witness, where the tenderness of his heart, and the strength of his affection for the loss of those he loved, has made the tears run down his cheeks; when

in all other appearance he was firm and resigned, and by words and actions, was the comfort and support of his family and all about him.

Though he could bear, without hesitation or shrinking, any pain or operation to himself, he could not bear to see the cut of a finger in another.

He was firm and steady in doing what he thought right; though it was a great uneasiness to him, when he saw he differed in opinion from those he had an esteem and affection for.

He was strict in his own principles; and when at home, was constant in saying prayers every night in his own family. At London, where that was impossible, without greatly restraining his family in their hours, or making it known to every body, which he carefully avoided, he said prayers at eight in the morning; which no hurry of business hindered him from, nor any

thing interrupted; till his deafness increased with his bad health, in the year 1728, that he was not master of his own voice from scarce hearing it, and then had a chaplain.

He had the most universal charity, and the greatest allowance to give to others. If any body told him good of another, his constant answer was, "I am glad of it;" if bad, he said, "How do you know that? You should not repeat nor believe things you are not sure of." But this was only to his own family, or those he was perfectly free with; since he was far from assuming the character of a general corrector.

He had not the smallest tincture of revenge, or resentment, even to them he very well knew had injured him; having a much lower opinion of his own merit and judgment than any one else had, and was constantly disposed and desirous of finding others in the right.

He was disinterested in every instance of life, or he might, even with the strictest justice, have left a much better fortune to his family.

He was impartially just; which his friends and relations often suffered by, when he was in offices where he might have served them: yet he never missed an opportunity of doing it, when they had right on their side, or he thought they deserved it, though his great modesty in asking made it always a pain to him. I have seen him uneasy for a week, when he had any thing in view he thought was fit for him to ask for a friend of his own; and so pleased when he obtained it, that those that were to have the benefit of it could not have more joy in receiving it.

He had an infinite pleasure in giving even little trifling presents to his friends; but did not like receiving. If it was from any he thought had a view to his

interest for them, he would not suffer it, though never so trifling. He made us return a parrot given us, when he was in the Admiralty, by a gentleman who was soliciting something there. Of such things I could give many instances.

Though he was no joker himself, nobody relished a joke more, nor was more easy, cheerful, and pleased in company that he liked; and often went in, with the same good humour, to the diversions that pleased his company, though it was not quite suitable to his own temper.

When we came first to London, and were of an age to relish diversions, such as balls, masquerades, parties by water, music, and such like, my mother and he were always in all our parties; neither choosing to deprive us of them, nor let us go alone; and so far from being a restraint upon any of the company, that not one in it thought there could be

any party without them, and they generally were calculated at the times most convenient for my father.

In all companies I ever saw him in, of any quality or dignity, he was always, by them all, considered and respected as the first in it; yet was he the furthest from pride, or assuming any thing to himself, and at all times was at pains to curb any appearance of pride or vanity in my sister or me; and the more, that perhaps he thought in some measure he might contribute to it, from the desire he had of having us inferior to none we kept company with.

Formerly, when he went to London every year to the Parliament, and we in Scotland, he would restrain himself in necessary expenses, to bring all of us something he thought we would like, and was useful to us; and would have his trunk opened to give us them, before he took time to rest himself, and

shewed a pleasure in doing it I can never forget.

Though the affairs of the public he was employed in took up much of his thoughts, so as often to deprive him of his night's rest, yet his family was never out of his mind, in all the times he was absent from them; which was at London, before the Union, whenever he or his friends thought his being there necessary for the good of his country; and after the Union, constantly went every winter, and staid as long as the Parliament sat, till the year 1714, that he carried up his whole family. He strictly observed his attendance in Parliament, and blamed those who made a bustle to get in, and then absented themselves upon any pretence; which he never did upon any account, but when his health necessarily required it. He never failed writing to my mother every post, and

often to his children, though young, with great ease and freedom, but always mixed with instruction and good advice; which he insinuated, by commending us for having the disposition to do those things he wanted us most earnestly to pursue, and that with infinite tenderness and condescending affection.

So desirous was he of having every one he was concerned in do their duty in all stations, that he generally brought with him, from London, some hundreds of little instructing books and catechisms, which he distributed amongst his tenants and servants.

In his own house, he was easy, civil, kind, and hospitable to all, and observing, to the greatest trifle, what was wanting and necessary for every one, but more particularly if any of the company was of inferior rank, or modest and backward; those he always

took most care and notice of, and was greatly offended if he saw any belonged to him neglect them. Many proofs of this kind I could instance, but shall only name one. Two of the poor Episcopal Clergy in Scotland, came to ask charity for themselves and their brethren, without the expectation of seeing him. He received them kindly, kept them to dinner with him, contributed to their necessities, and shewed great displeasure at his servants for not having taken proper care of their horses, nor bringing them so readily as they would have done to those from whom they expected a reward.

He never thought there was too much to entertain his friends in his own house, and always complained and was uneasy at superfluity in any other body's. He could not bear putting any body to expense, though he never grudged any himself that was reason-

able; but had no pleasure in any thing that others did not share with him in.

He had no ambition but to be free of debt; yet so great trust and confidence did he put in my mother, and so absolutely free of all jealousy and suspicion, that he left the management of his affairs entirely to her, without scarce asking a question about them; except sometimes would say to her, "Is my debt paid yet?" though often did she apply to him for direction and advice; since he knew enough of the law for the management of his own affairs, when he would take the time or trouble, or to prevent his being imposed upon by others.

As to his public transactions, they are well known; nor am I capable of making a judgment of them. I know, by all his party and friends, his opinion and advice was constantly sought after, and very seldom he erred in his

judgment; which nothing deterred him from giving freely, though by it he ran the risk of disobliging those he had a dependence upon.

In the year 1715, he gave strong proof of this, though then in the Treasury, which might have made him silent in giving an opinion against the measures of the court; but he publicly declared himself for mercy to the poor unhappy sufferers by the rebellion; and, amongst many arguments for it, in a long speech he made in Parliament, which he begun by saying he had been bred in the school of affliction, which had instructed him in both the reasonableness and necessity of showing mercy to others in the like circumstances; and concluded by intreating them to take the advice which the prophet Elisha gave the king of Israel, in the 2d Book of Kings, 6th chapter, and 22d and 23d verses. "And he answered,

" Thou shalt not smite them: wouldst
" thou smite those whom thou hast ta-
" ken captive with thy sword and with
" thy bow? Set bread and water be-
" fore them, that they may eat and
" drink, and go to their master. And
" he prepared great provision for them:
" and when they had eaten and drunk,
" he sent them away, and they went to
" their master. So the bands of Syria
" came no more into the land of Is-
" rael."

His private behaviour was no less singular. His house was open to the wives, mothers, sisters, and other relations and friends of the poor prisoners; where they met with all the advice, assistance, and kind reception that could be given them.

When the two lords suffered, he stirred not out of his room, nor dressed himself for some days; and sent the rest of his family to assist and comfort the

near relations of those that suffered. In their last extremity, since it was not in his power to serve them more materially, he was thinking in what he could be useful to them; and considered, that concern and other things might have hindered Lord Kenmore's friends, to get an order to receive his body: and just so it was. He immediately sent and obtained it, and sent it by Mr Robert Pringle (who was then under-secretary) to Tower Hill; where he found his body actually in the surgeons' hands.

He was the most just and sagacious observer of mankind that was possible; and was seldom deceived in his opinion of them. This made him press me, with many arguments, to marry one he preferred to Mr Murray; but as his affection and tenderness made him unable to stand out against the tears of any one he loved, upon my answering him only with tears, he said, "Dear child, I

cannot see you cry; you must do what pleases yourself; I give my consent, since you cannot follow my opinion." And when it turned out to be the most unfortunate choice I could have made, which gave him a great deal of uneasiness and trouble, he never once upbraided me with having brought it upon myself; nor showed less tenderness, in all my distress, than if it had been a thing entirely approved of by him.

A strong instance of his tenderness, and compliance with his family, was the journey he made to Naples on account of Lord Binning's health, (whom indeed he was deservedly as fond of as he could be of any child of his own), at the time of life he had devoted for retirement. He pressed Lord Binning extremely to go with some friend to take care of him; but he absolutely refusing unless we went altogether, he

yielded to what was both disagreeable and inconvenient to himself; but after he took the resolution, he did it with great cheerfulness, never once complained of the difficulties or hardships of the journey, and seemed to like it very well. At Naples, where we were in a manner settled for sixteen months, he spent his time much in retirement, and to his own liking; though he always came into the society we had in an evening, and diverted himself, generally kept them to supper, and showed a heartiness and hospitality not customary in that place, and gained the hearts and admiration of all; of which we had strong proofs in our great distress, when Lord Binning died, by their being most useful and serviceable to us. Indeed, their affection and tenderness for Lord Binning, and admiration of him in his sufferings, which he bore with the utmost patience, resignation,

and even cheerfulness and good humour, was motive enough to engage their attention to every one of us; which they exercised with the greatest friendship and humanity, and ought ever to be remembered with gratitude by this family. There were Italians, who were Roman Catholics, as well as English, who were constantly with us; and when my father was praying by Lord Binning, in his last hours, they all joined with us; which was a great proof of their affection and condescension. My father's affliction was very heavy upon him, and he expressed it more strongly than ever I had heard him. Lord Binning committed and recommended to his care, the education of his children, and said he needed give no directions about it, since he was to do it: What he wished most earnestly was, to have them good and honest men, which he

knew would also be my father's chief care.

After my father was deprived of hearing most things that were said, except when the discourse was particularly directed to him, he found people out by the judgment he made from his eyes; which were very piercing and observing, though in a way never to give offence to any; and of all things, he hated to put any body out of countenance.

He was ever fond of children, of animals, and of music; which, though a trifling circumstance, was a mark of the gentleness and tenderness of his heart.

His appearance was far from being effeminate; and he stood the hardest trial of his courage and resolution, at the age of nineteen, in seeing the execution of a most tender father, whom he dearly loved. I have often heard it

was said by his mother and aunts, that it ever after gave that grave, silent, thoughtful turn to his temper, which before that time was not natural to him. He was in Holland at his studies, and was intended for the practice of the law; he was sent for home when his father was put in prison; which gave another turn to his thoughts and manner of life, and hindered him from pursuing his first intention. I have often heard him regret it; thinking those most happy that followed any profession, and made themselves independent of a court.

After the loss of his father, and the forfeiture of his estate, he was destitute of every thing but friends, who were in the same circumstances, and in no capacity to assist him. He went to his estate amongst his tenants, to take leave of them and his friends in that country, in order to go to Holland, not

being safe at home. His tenants, out of great love to him, and to the memory of his father, most generously paid him up all the rents that were resting in their hands, and also advanced him half a year's rent, though they had then another master, the Duke of Gordon, to whom the estate was given. Upon that, and credit he had even with strangers in Holland, who had very little prospect of ever being re-paid, he subsisted three years, till he returned with the Prince of Orange at the Revolution.

I remember hearing him tell a remarkable story: When in the ship going to Holland, with others in the same circumstances with himself, who had all they had to subsist upon in their pockets, without any prospect where they could get more, some proposed playing at dice to divert themselves: He had the luck to strip the whole compa-

ny, which left them in a most destitute condition: He returned every man his money, with his advice, not again to risk their all; and this occasioned his making such reflections on the frailty of human nature, and the bewitchingness of play, as made him resolve against it, and hate it in all shapes, ever after throughout his whole life.

After the Revolution, he was restored to his estate, and from that time was constantly in Parliament, (till this last, that bad health made him give it up), without ever its costing him a shilling, except a dinner the day of election.

He was employed by King William all his reign. By Queen Anne he was appointed Treasurer-Depute, and one of the Privy Council in Scotland; and after the Union, one of the Commissioners of Trade, &c.

As he never liked making court to any minister, when there was any thing

he thought proper for him to represent, he always had a private audience of the Queen; who showed so great a personal favour for him, that on the change of her ministry in the end of her reign, she kept him in office a year after the rest of his party were turned out; and when they prevailed to have him removed, they pressed her to give some orders they thought necessary to hinder him of his election, which she absolutely refused.

Upon the accession of King George the First, he was made one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and soon after one of the Lords of the Treasury, without his ever soliciting or asking for either of them; and had no thought nor expectation of being in the Treasury, when the Earl Stanhope, then at the head of it, sent him orders to come and take his place at the Board. There he continued, till, at his own earnest desire,

he laid down in the year 1725, against the opinion and intreaties of all his friends; and even the King desired him to continue, and was a year before he accepted his demission. He had reasons to himself for doing it he did not communicate, though to many he declared, his age, health and deafness, made him think it fit for him to retire; besides having resolved, on his first entering on business, that if ever he arrived to his grand climacteric, let his health or station be what it would, he would then retire: And though, from his earliest years, he was ever constant and punctual in his devotions, with no ostentation or discovery of it, except to his own family, whom he earnestly wanted to follow his example, having performed his duty in the station he was called to in this world, he thought, at that time of life, he had a more immediate call to spend what remained to

him in constant devotion; which he did to the end of his days, to the too great prejudice of his health, and deprived himself of his nights' rest by getting up too early. His physician advised and pressed him, but the week before he died, (when he appeared to be in as good health as he had been for some years), not to shut himself up so constantly in his room, but say his prayers driving about in his coach, or in his walks in his garden; he answered him, "You are a better physician than a divine, since you would only serve God with your own conveniency."

He breathed his last, as he did the whole time of his illness, which was but forty-eight hours, in petitions to his God and Saviour for his own salvation, and that of his whole family.

With a calm serene countenance, and scarce a groan, he left us to mourn our own unspeakable loss.

He was buried, according to his own directions, with but a few friends and near relations, and all his own tenants, in a burying-place he ordered, three years before he died, to be built in his own fields, to save the trouble of carrying him far; having all his life a dislike to pomp and show, and giving others trouble. He then little imagined he was ever to stir from home; but what was thought proper for the education of his grandsons, made him readily yield to any thing. He ordered only a spot of ground to be inclosed with four walls, and often walked to see it, and showed an impatience to have it finished, thinking his end near. When he perceived there was an ornamented front making to it, he turned to me in anger, and said he would not suffer it; he saw my vanity carried me even beyond the grave. With difficulty we prevailed to have it built with some

ornaments; but he never once walked towards it after that, nor saw it, nor asked a question but when it would be finished; and it was but finished the week before he had occasion for it.

There was scarce one that paid their last duty to him, that had not tears in their eyes, and heavy hearts; never man being more beloved nor regretted, nor carried a more unspotted character to the grave.

GRISELL BAILLIE.

Oxford, 1739.

MEMOIRS

OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GRISELL BAILLIE.

FACTS

RELATING TO MY MOTHER'S LIFE AND CHARACTER.

Mellerstain, December 12, 1749.

I AM desirous of nothing so much as to preserve, and make known to her family, what I have observed in my dear mother's life and character; and also those things I well remember to have often heard her tell of, which passed in her younger years. Though it has often been in my thoughts, my unfitness to do it has hindered my setting about it. My affection to the best and tenderest

of mothers possibly may bias and blind me; I will therefore set a guard upon myself, to keep strictly to truth, and relate facts which will speak for themselves. Happy for me, were her whole actions so imprinted on my mind, that none of them were forgot! but so far from that, all I can remember must be trifling, compared to what a judicious observer might relate, that had access to know her well.

Lady Grisell Baillie was born at Redbraes Castle, December 25, 1665; was married there, September 17, 1692; and died at London, December 6, 1746. She was buried close by my father's side, in the monument at Mellerstain, on her birth-day, Christmas, 25th of December, in the same manner she had directed my father's funeral, according to his own orders; near relations, near neighbours, and her own

tenants, only being present;—a day never to be forgot by her family; as it brought her into the world, who was so great a blessing to it, and also hid and buried her from us.

She was the eldest of eighteen children my grandmother bore, except two, that died infants. My Lady Torphichen, the youngest, is now the only one alive, and sixteen years younger than my mother. She was called after her mother, and from her infancy, was the darling and comfort of her parents, having early occasion to be trusted and tried by them. In the troubles of King Charles the Second's time, she began her life with many afflicting, terrifying hardships; though I have often heard her say, she never thought them any. At the age of twelve, she was sent by her father from their country-house to Edinburgh, (a long journey), when my grandfather Baillie was first imprisoned,

(my grandfathers being early and intimate friends, connected by the same way of thinking in religion and politics), to try if, by her age, she could get admittance into the prison unsuspected, and slip a letter into his hand, of advice and information, and bring back what intelligence she could. She succeeded so well in both, that from that time I reckon her hardships began, from the confidence was put in her, and the activity she naturally had far beyond her age, in executing whatever she was intrusted with.

Soon after that, her father was confined fifteen months in Dumbarton Castle, and was then set at liberty, without ever being told for what he was put up all that time; and till he went to Holland, she was the active person that did all, by my grandmother's directions; whose affliction, and care of her little ones, kept at

home, besides being less able to make journies, and would have been more narrowly watched, and sooner suspected, than one of my mother's age.

After persecution began afresh, and my grandfather Baillie again in prison, her father thought it necessary to keep concealed; and soon found he had too good reason for so doing; parties being continually sent out in search of him, and often to his own house, to the terror of all in it; though not from any fear for his safety, whom they imagined at a great distance from home; for no soul knew where he was, but my grandmother and my mother, except one man, a carpenter called Jamie Winter, who used to work in the house, and lived a mile off, on whose fidelity they thought they could depend, and were not deceived. The frequent examinations and oaths put to servants, in order to make discoveries, were so strict, they durst

not run the risk of trusting any of them. By the assistance of this man, they got a bed and bed-clothes carried in the night to the burying-place, a vault under ground at Polwarth Church, a mile from the house; where he was concealed a month, and had only for light an open slit at one end, through which nobody could see what was below. She went every night by herself, at midnight, to carry him victuals and drink, and staid with him as long as she could to get home before day. In all this time, my grandfather shewed the same constant composure, and cheerfulness of mind, that he continued to possess to his death, which was at the age of eighty-four; all which good qualities she inherited from him in a high degree. Often did they laugh heartily, in that doleful habitation, at different accidents that happened. She at that time had a terror for a church-yard,

especially in the dark, as is not uncommon at her age, by idle nursery stories; but when engaged by concern for her father, she stumbled over the graves every night alone, without fear of any kind entering her thoughts, but for soldiers, and parties in search of him, which the least noise or motion of a leaf put her in terror for. The minister's house was near the church; the first night she went, his dogs kept such a barking, as put her in the utmost fear of a discovery; my grandmother sent for the minister next day, and upon pretence of a mad dog, got him to hang all his dogs. There was also difficulty of getting victuals to carry him, without the servants suspecting: the only way it was done was, by stealing it off her plate at dinner into her lap. Many a diverting story she has told about this, and other things of the like nature. Her father liked

sheep's head; and while the children were eating their broth, she had conveyed most of one into her lap; when her brother Sandy (the late Lord Marchmont) had done, he looked up with astonishment, and said, "Mother, will ye look at Grisell; while we have been eating our broth, she has eat up the whole sheep's head!" This occasioned so much mirth amongst them, that her father at night was greatly entertained by it, and desired Sandy might have a share of the next. I need not multiply stories of this kind, of which I know many. His great comfort, and constant entertainment, (for he had no light to read by), was repeating Buchanan's Psalms, which he had by heart from beginning to end, and retained them to his dying day. Two years before he died, which was in the year 1724, I was witness to his desiring my mother to take up that

book, which amongst others always lay upon his table, and bid her try if he had forgot his Psalms, by naming any one she would have him repeat; and by casting her eye over it, she would know if he was right, though she did not understand it; and he missed not a word in any place she named to him, and said, they had been the great comfort of his life, by night and day, on all occasions.

As the gloomy habitation my grandfather was in, was not to be long endured but from necessity, they were contriving other places of safety for him; amongst others, particularly one under a bed which drew out, in a ground floor, in a room of which my mother kept the key. She and the same man worked in the night, making a hole in the earth, after lifting the boards; which they did by scratching it up with their hands, not to make any noise, till she left not a

nail upon her fingers; she helping the man to carry the earth, as they dug it, in a sheet on his back, out at the window into the garden. He then made a box at his own house, large enough for her father to lie in, with bed and bedclothes, and bored holes in the boards for air. When all this was finished, for it was long about, she thought herself the most secure, happy creature alive. When it had stood the trial, for a month, of no water coming into it, which was feared, from being so low, and every day examined by my mother, and the holes for air made clear, and kept clean picked, her father ventured home, having that to trust to.

After being at home a week or two, the bed daily examined as usual, one day, in lifting the boards, the bed bounced to the top, the box being full of water. In her life she was never so struck, and had near

dropped down, it being at that time their only refuge. Her father, with great composure, said to his wife and her, he saw they must tempt Providence no longer, and that it was now fit and necessary for him to go off and leave them; in which he was confirmed by the carrier telling for news he had brought from Edinburgh, that the day before, Mr Baillie of Jerviswood had his life taken from him at the Cross, and that every body was sorry, though they durst not show it. As all intercourse by letters was dangerous, it was the first notice they had of it; and the more shocking, that it was not expected. They immediately set about preparing for my grandfather's going away. My mother worked night and day, in making some alterations in his clothes for disguise. They were then obliged to trust John Allan, their grieve, who fainted away when he was told his mas-

ter was in the house, and that he was to set out with him on horseback before day, and pretend to the rest of the servants, that he had orders to sell some horses at Morpeth Fair. Accordingly, my grandfather getting out at a window to the stables, they set out in the dark. Though, with good reason, it was a sorrowful parting, yet after he was fairly gone, they rejoiced, and thought themselves happy that he was in a way of being safe; though they were deprived of him, and little knew what was to be either his fate or their own.

My grandfather, whose thoughts were much employed, and went on as his horse carried him, without thinking of his way, found himself at Tweedside, out of his road, and at a place not fordable, and no servant. After pausing, and stopping a good while, he found means to get over, and get into the road on t' other side, where, after some

time, he met his servant, who showed inexpressible joy at meeting him, and told him, as he rode first, he thought he was always following him, till upon a great noise of the galloping of horses after him, he looked about, and missed him. This was a party sent to his house to take him up; where they searched very narrowly, and possibly, hearing horses were gone from the house, suspected the truth, and followed. They examined this man, who, to his great joy and astonishment, missed his master, and was too cunning for them, that they were gone back before my grandfather came up with him. He immediately quitted the high road, after a warning by so miraculous an escape; in two days sent back the servant, which was the first notice they had at home of his not having fallen into their hands. He got to London through bye-ways, passing for a surgeon; he could bleed, and always

carried lancets. From that he went to France, and travelled from Bourdeaux to Holland on foot, where he sent for his wife and ten children.

He was then forfeited, and his estate given to Lord Seaforth. My grandmother and mother went to London by sea, to solicit an allowance for her and her ten children, where they long attended; and even though assisted by many good friends, from whom they met with much kindness and civility, Lord Russel's family, Lord Wharton's, and others, all she could obtain for herself and them was about L. 150 a year. They then returned to Scotland, to carry over the children; and found my aunt Julian so ill, she could not go with them. My mother returned from Holland by herself, to bring her over, and to negotiate business, and try if she could pick up any money of some that was owing to

her father. Her sister was still very weak, so had the attendance of a nurse all the voyage, which happened to be very long. She had agreed for the cabin-bed, and was very well provided in victuals and other necessaries; she found three or four more in the ship, with whom the captain had also agreed for the same bed: a gentleman who was in the cabin, as they all were, said to her, "Let them be doing," (when a dispute arose who should have the bed, for she made none), "you will see how it will end." Two of the gentlewomen went to bed; the rest lay down as they could best, my mother and her sister upon the floor, with a clogbag of books she was carrying to her father, for their pillow. Then in came the captain, and first eat up their whole provisions with a gluttony incredible; then said to the women in the bed, "Turn out, turn out;" and stripped before them, and lay down in

the bed himself. But he did not long enjoy the effects of his brutality; for a terrible storm came on, so that his attendance and labour was necessary to save the ship; they never saw more of him till they landed at the Brill. From that they set out at night on foot for Rotterdam, with a gentleman who was of great use to them, that came over at the same time to take refuge in Holland. It was a cold, wet, dirty night; my aunt, a girl not well able to walk, soon lost her shoes in the dirt; my mother took her upon her back, and carried her the rest of the way, the gentleman carrying their small baggage. At Rotterdam they found their eldest brother, and my father, waiting for their arrival, to conduct them to Utrecht, where their house was; and no sooner were they all met, than she forgot every thing, and felt nothing but happiness and contentment.

They lived three years and a half in Holland, and in that time she made a second voyage to Scotland about business. Her father went by the borrowed name of Doctor Wallace, and did not stir out, for fear of being discovered; though who he was, was no secret to the well-wishers to the Revolution. Their great desire was, to have a good house, as their greatest comfort was at home; and all the people of the same way of thinking, of which there was great numbers, were continually with them. They paid for their house, what was very extravagant for their income, near a fourth part: they could not afford keeping any servant, but a little girl to wash the dishes. All the time they were there, there was not a week my mother did not sit up two nights, to do the business that was necessary. She went to market, went to the mill to have their corn ground, which it seems

is the way with good managers there, dressed the linen, cleaned the house, made ready the dinner, mended the children's stockings and other clothes, made what she could for them, and in short did every thing. Her sister Christian, who was a year or two younger, diverted her father and mother and the rest, who were fond of music. Out of their small income they bought a harpsichord, for little money, but is a *Rucar*, now in my custody, and most valuable. My aunt played and sung well, and had a great deal of life and humour, but no turn to business. Though my mother had the same qualifications, and liked it as well as she did, she was forced to drudge; and many jokes used to pass betwixt the sisters, about their different occupations. Every morning before six, my mother lighted her father's fire in his study, then waked him; (he was ever a good sleeper, which

blessing, among many others, she inherited from him); then got him, what he usually took as soon as he got up, warm small beer with a spoonful of bitters in it, which he continued his whole life, and of which I have the receipt. Then she took up the children, and brought them all to his room, where he taught them every thing that was fit for their age; some Latin, others French, Dutch, geography, writing, reading, English, &c.; and my grandmother taught them what was necessary on her part. Thus he employed and diverted himself all the time he was there, not being able to afford putting them to school; and my mother, when she had a moment's time, took a lesson with the rest, in French and Dutch, and also diverted herself with music. I have now a book of songs of her writing when there; many of them interrupted, half writ, some broke off in

the middle of a sentence. She had no less a turn for mirth and society than any of the family, when she could come at it, without neglecting what she thought more necessary.

Her eldest brother Patrick, who was nearest her age, and bred up together, was her most dearly beloved. My father was there, forfeited and exiled, in the same situation with themselves. She had seen him for the first time in the prison with his father, not long before he suffered; and from that time their hearts were engaged. Her brother and my father were soon got in to ride in the Prince of Orange's guards, till they were better provided for in the army; which they were before the Revolution. They took their turn in standing sentry at the Prince's gate, but always contrived to do it together; and the strict friendship and intimacy that then began, continued to the last. Though their station was

then low, they kept up their spirits: the Prince often dined in public; then all were admitted to see him: when any pretty girl wanted to go in, they set their halberts across the door, and would not let her pass till she gave each of them a kiss, which made them think and call them very pert soldiers. I could relate many stories on that subject; my mother could talk for hours, and never tire of it; always saying it was the happiest and most delightful part of her life. Her constant attention was, to have her brother appear right in his linen and dress: they wore little point cravats and cuffs, which many a night she sat up to have in as good order for him as any in the place; and one of their greatest expenses was in dressing him as he ought to be.

As their house was always full of the unfortunate banished people like themselves, they seldom went to dinner, with-

out three, or four, or five of them, to share with them: and many a hundred times I have heard her say, she could never look back upon their manner of living there, without thinking it a miracle: they had no want, but plenty of every thing they desired, and much contentment, and always declared it the most pleasing part of her life; though they were not without their little distresses; but to them they were rather jokes than grievances. The professors and men of learning in the place came often to see my grandfather: the best entertainment he could give them was a glass of alabast beer, which was a better kind of ale than common. He sent his son Andrew, the late Lord Kimmerghame, a boy, to draw some for them in the cellar; he brought it up with great diligence, but in the other hand the spigot of the barrel. My grandfather said, "Andrew, what is that in your hand?" When he saw it, he run

down with speed, but the beer was all run out before he got there: this occasioned much mirth, though perhaps they did not well know where to get more.

It is the custom there, to gather money for the poor, from house to house, with a bell to warn people to give it. One night the bell came, and no money was there in the house, but an orkey, which is a doit, the smallest of all coin: every body was so ashamed, no one would go to give it, it was so little, and put it from one to t'other: at last my grandfather said, "Well then, I'll go with it; we can do no more than give all we have." They were often reduced to this, by the delay of the ships coming from Scotland with their small remittances; then they put the little plate they had (all of which was carried with them) in the Lumber, which is pawning it, till the ships came: and that very plate they brought with them

again to Scotland, and left no debt behind them.

When the long expected happiness of the Prince going to England took place, her father and brother, and my father, went with him. They soon heard the melancholy report of the whole fleet being cast away or dispersed, and immediately came from Utrecht to Helvoetsluys, to get what information they could. The place was so crowded by people from all quarters, come for the same purpose, that her mother, she, and her sister, were forced to lie in the boat they came in; and for three days continually to see come floating in, beds, chests, horses, &c. that had been thrown over-board in their distress. At the end of the third day, the Prince, and some other ships came in; but no account of the ship their friends were in. Their despair was great; but in a few days was relieved by their com-

ing in safe, but with the loss of all their baggage, which at that time was no small distress to them.

When they set out again, the eagerness of their expectation was augmented; to hear they were all safe landed, was the greatest joy they could figure to themselves; yet, when that happy news came, it was no more to my mother than any occurrence she had not the least concern in; for that very day, her sister Christian died of a sore throat, which was so heavy an affliction to both her mother and her, that they had no feeling for any thing else; and often have I heard her say, she had no notion of any other cause of sorrow, but the death and affliction of those she loved; and of that she was sensible to her last, in the most tender manner. She had tried many hardships, without being depressed by them: on the contrary, her spirits and activity increased, the more she had

occasion for it; but the death of her friends was always a load too heavy for her. She had strong and tender passions; though she never gave way to them, but in what was commendable and praiseworthy.

When all was settled in England, the children were sent to Scotland, and my grandmother and she came over with the Princess. She was offered to be made one of her maids of honour, and was well qualified for it: her actions show what her mind was, and her outward appearance was no less singular. She was middle-sized, well made, clever in her person, very handsome, with a life and sweetness in her eyes very uncommon, and great delicacy in all her features; her hair was chesnut, and to her last had the finest complexion, with the clearest red in her cheeks and lips, that could be seen in one of fifteen; which, added to her natural constitu-

tion, might be owing to the great moderation she had in her diet, throughout her whole life. Pottage and milk was her greatest feast, and by choice preferred them to every thing; though nothing came wrong to her that others could eat. Water she preferred to any liquor; though often obliged to take a glass of wine, always did it unwillingly, thinking it hurt her, and did not like it.

She declined being maid of honour, and chose going home with the rest of her family. Having had her union with my father always in view, their affection for one another increased in their exile; though they well knew it was no time to declare it, neither of them having a shilling; and were at no small trouble to conceal it from her parents, who could not but think such an engagement ruinous to them both; especially when, in the midst of their

distress, there were offers pressed upon her by them, from two gentlemen, in their neighbourhood at home, of fortune and character, who had done nothing to forfeit either, and with whom they thought it would have been happy to settle their daughter at any time. She earnestly rejected both, but without giving any reason for it, though her parents suspected it; and it was the only thing she ever displeased or disobeyed them in. These gentlemen I have mentioned, were intimate and sincere friends to my father and her to the day of their death, and often said to them both, she had made a much better choice in him; for they made no secret of having made their addresses to her. Her parents were ever fond of my father, and he was always with them: so great an opinion had they of him, that he was generally preferred to any other, and trusted to go out with my mother

and take care of her, when she had any business to do. They had no objection but the circumstances he was in; which had no weight with my mother, who always hoped things would turn out at last as they really did; and if they did not, was resolved never to marry at all.

When he was put in possession of his estate by King William, (which had been given to the Duke of Gordon), he made their engagements known; and they were married about two years after the Revolution. Then my grandfather was in high favour, as he well deserved from his great sufferings; and was made Chancellor of Scotland, and afterwards made the King's High Commissioner to the Parliament, which was the greatest office in this country.

I have heard my mother and many others say, that the great sweetness, composure, and evenness of temper

my grandmother showed in all her afflictions, as well as in her high prosperity, was most singular: that from the highest to the lowest of her acquaintance, none ever found a difference from the great difference of her situation. I was but ten years old when she died; and though tenderly caressed by her, lived much with her, and was her darling, being her first grandchild, I can only remember, which I do now in a lively manner, the sorrow I was in when she died; and cannot give, from what I have heard, so good a description of her, as what my grandfather writ in her Bible, which he gave my mother, and is now in my possession.

" Grisell Lady Marchmont, her book.
" To Lady Grisell Hume, Lady Jervis-
" wood, my beloved daughter.—My
" Heart, in remembrance of your mo-
" ther, keep this Bible, which is what

" she ordinarily made use of. She had
" been happy of a religious and vir-
" tuous education, by the care of vir-
" tuous and religious parents. She was
" of a middle stature, of a plump, full
" body, a clear ruddy complexion, a
" grave majestic countenance, a com-
" posed, steady, and mild spirit, of a
" most firm and equal mind, never ele-
" vated by prosperity, nor debased or
" daunted by adversity. She was a
" wonderful stay and support to me in
" our exile and trouble, and a humble
" and thankful partaker with me in our
" more prosperous condition; in both
" which, by the blessing of God, she
" helped much to keep the balance of
" our deportment even. She was con-
" stant and diligent in the practice of
" religion and virtue, a careful observer
" of worship to God, and of her duties
" to her husband, her children, her
" friends, her neighbours, her tenants,

" and her servants; so that it may just-
" ly be said, her piety, probity, virtue,
" and prudence, were without a blot or
" stain, and beyond reproach. As, by
" the blessing of God, she had lived
" well, so by his mercy, in the time of
" her sickness, and at her death, there
" appeared many convincing evidences,
" that the Lord took her to the enjoy-
" ment of endless happiness and bliss.
" She died the 11th of October 1703,
" at Edinburgh, and was buried in my
" burying-place near the Canongate
" Church, where I have caused mark
" out a grave for myself close by hers,
" upon the left side, in the middle of
" the ground."

" MARCHMONT."

The sorrow her whole family and friends were in at losing her, was very great. She had her judgment to the last; her children were all round her

bed; my mother was in such agonies of grief, she had hid herself behind the curtain of the bed, that my grandmother, in looking round to them all, did not see her, and said, "Where is Grisell?" upon which she came near her; she, taking her by the hand, said, "My dear Grisell, blessed be you above all, for a helpful child have you been to me." I have often heard my mother tell this in floods of tears, which she was always in when she spoke of her mother at all, or of her eldest brother.

My grandfather, while in high station, had frequent opportunities of showing his natural humanity to those in distress, always remembering he had been so himself. Amongst many, one Captain Burd had a process before the Privy Council, of which my grandfather was President as Chancellor, for something that imported no less than his life. The moment he appeared be-

fore him, though he had not recollected him by his name, he knew him to be the same Captain Burd with whom he had been intimately acquainted in France, and had made part of the journey on foot from that together to Holland: but the Captain little suspected to find his old friend Dr Wallace sitting there as his judge, and had not the least knowledge of his ever having been other than what he then appeared. My grandfather examined him pretty strictly, and with some severity; so that he was dismissed with the utmost apprehension of no favour. My grandfather ordered his son, Sir Andrew Hume, who was then a lawyer, to get acquainted with him, and bring him one day to tell his own case; which he did in fear and trembling, dreading the severity he had already experienced. When they were alone, he was telling his story without lifting his eyes from the ground;

when he had done, my grandfather said smiling, "Do you not know me?" upon which he looked up, cried out, "God's wounds, Doctor Wallace!" run to him, and hung about his neck with tears of joy. One may judge what succeeded, and the pleasure they had to see one another. The cause was given for him, which indeed was but just, though he feared the consequence, from the first appearance of severity he met with.

I should never have done, if I related, or could remember, all the particulars I have heard my mother tell of those times,—a subject she never tired of; but must now come to what more immediately concerns herself, though most incapable am I of giving but very imperfect hints. She deserved so much, and from me in particular, I never can say enough; and yet certain I am, no one that knew her well will be satisfied with any thing I can say. I shall men-

tion facts as they daily appeared to me, as I was never in my life from her above two months at a time, and that very seldom, and always unwillingly; she having from our infancy treated my sister and me like friends, as well as children, and with an indulgence that we never had a wish to make she could prevent; always used us with an openness and confidence which begat the same in us, that there never was any reserve amongst us, nor any thing kept secret from one another, to which she had used us from our early years. We were always with her at home and abroad, but when it was necessary we should learn what was fit for us; and for that end she got Mrs May Menzies, a daughter of Mr Menzies of Raws, writer to the signet, to be our governess, who was well qualified in all respects for it, and whose faithful care and capacity my mother depended so much upon, that she was easy when

we were with her. She was always with us when our masters came, and had no other thought or business but the care and instruction of us; which I must here acknowledge with gratitude, having been an indulgent though exact mistress to us when young; and to this time, it being now forty-five years that she has lived with us, a faithful disinterested friend, with good sense, good temper, entirely in our interest, and that with so much honesty, that she always spoke her mind sincerely, without the least sycophantry. She has a solid judgment and advice to give upon any occasion, and an integrity in all her actions, even to a scruple. As such she always has been, and still is regarded by us all; nor has she been less diligent in the care of Lady Binning's children, than she was of us.

When we were more advanced, my mother was pleased to hear whatever

we could inform her of; and to whatever company or diversion we went, never thought ourselves so happy as in the relating it all to her; in which she would either approve, or tell us how to do otherwise another time. Nor did we think any thing right done, to the smallest trifle, in which we had not her advice and approbation; and she always condescended to ask ours, though none could better judge than herself what was most proper to be done upon any occasion; of which my father was so convinced, that I have good reason to believe, he never did any thing of consequence, throughout his whole life, without asking her advice.

She had a quickness of apprehension and sagacity, that generally hit upon the fittest thing to be done. Though she had a quick and ready wit, yet she spoke little in company, but where she was quite free and intimate. She used

often to wonder at a talent she met with in many, that could entertain their company by numberless words, and yet say nothing. She greatly disliked either receiving or bestowing flattery. I have often seen her out of countenance at speeches made to her, and had not a word to say; her integrity of heart made her silent upon such occasions, and she could not use fair words, even where she thought they were deserved; the want of which is generally a great abridgment of conversation. And this was joined with a modesty which was singular; to her last, she had the bashfulness of a girl, and was as easily put out of countenance. Though she had the greatest reason, from the deference was always paid to her judgment, was void of the least self-conceit, and often gave up her own opinion to that of others; not that it proved better, but that they were more positive and self-

sufficient. If it was to those she loved, she did it from a desire of preferring their pleasure to her own; and, of any I ever knew, was the most entirely void of the smallest ingredient of selfishness; at all times ever considered herself in the last place; or rather never thought of herself at all, but how she might please, and make every thing easy and agreeable to those about her, even by often doing what could no otherwise be pleasing to herself, but that others liked it; often to the straitening of herself, and obliging her to the strictest and best management in her affairs. No mortal was so easily contented, and satisfied in every thing for herself. Her moderation in diet was not greater than in other things; her expenses were for the credit or pleasure of her family or friends, and great trouble she took for their sakes, though it never appeared to be any to

her. After fatiguing many hours in a day, for weeks together, in business and accounts, she always came out to her family as easy and cheerful as if she had been only diverting herself, and was ready to enter into any thing they proposed to amuse her, or because she thought it would please them; and in nothing did the capacity of her mind appear more than in this, that whatever she did, she could apply herself so strongly and thoroughly to it, that a by-stander would imagine *that* to be her particular attachment. And yet the things of the greatest moment did not make her forget trifles that were fit to be thought of, which she often warned us of; and said, if neglected, would prove things of moment. She had a power of passing from great things to small ones, with a readiness that was surprising: whatever she did, whether it was playing a game at backgammon,

or an affair of moment to her family, there was the same character appeared in it,—sprightliness, attention, and good humour. She possessed herself so thoroughly, that I have often heard her say, she never knew what it was to find herself indisposed to do any thing she thought proper to be done. She was blessed with a good and healthy constitution, though she sometimes had fevers, and violent and dangerous illnesses; she soon threw them off, and had no notion of those depressions that most people labour under.

In her family, her attention and economy reached to the smallest things; and though this was her practice from her youth, there never appeared in her the least air of narrowness; and so far was she from avarice, the common vice of age, that often has my father said to her, "I never saw the like of you, goodwife, the older you grow, you

grow the more extravagant; but do as you please, providing I be in no debt." Nor did he ever ask her another question about the whole management of his private affairs, but "if his debt was paid." She had a cheerful and open cordiality, that made every one easy and happy about her. Her reigning principle appeared here very much; she took all that pains, that she might have more and better things to please other people with. For her own part, upon her own account, she often said, she had known so well what it was to live upon little, that what by many would be esteemed poverty, she could be highly contented with, and think affluence.

She had the art of conferring obligations in a high degree. In this she followed the great precept, "Give, hoping for nothing again." I have been often witness to her being uneasy

even at being thanked for very great services. She was far from assuming over people on that account: the more any one was obliged to her, the more easy they might be with her, and the closer her affection was tied to do still further service.

She was unwearied and indefatigable in business; understood it well, and had the whole load of her own affairs, as well as that of many of her friends; for whom she diligently watched every opportunity that might be of use to them, and had more pleasure when she was so, than can be expressed. From her tender years, she had been a constant help and support to her father's family. Not to name other things, I shall only mention the trouble she took, from the time her brother, Lord Polwarth, went abroad in 1716. She had the whole management of his affairs all the time he was at Copenhagen and Cambray;

the care of the education of his children; his eldest son she sent abroad, and with trouble and difficulty procured Mr Maclaurin, who was then Professor of Mathematics at Aberdeen, to go along with him as his tutor; she brought the other two sons from Scotland, and placed them at a school in London; where she had, even to the smallest necessaries in clothes to provide for them, till it was fit to send them to Holland; she provided a tutor for them, answered their bills, and I will not say how much trouble and anxiety they cost her, since she did every thing for her father's family, with the same zeal and affection she could do for her own.

She went to Scotland every second year to see her father; and when he wanted assistance in his old age, and could not take the trouble of looking after his own affairs, she took in and

settled his steward's accounts;—once at Kimmerghame, with a trouble and fatigue incredible, for two months, from five in the morning till twelve at night, that she scarce allowed herself time to eat or sleep, settling and taking them from one that had long had the charge of the business, till she half killed the whole family by attending her, though they kept not the hours she did. When in London, she never failed writing to her father, or her sister Julian, who then lived with him, and took affectionate care of him, every other post; sent him the newspapers, and any new book or pamphlet she thought would divert him. He retained his judgment and good humour to the last. Two or three years before he died, my mother was at Berwick with him, where he then lived; and many of her relations came there to see her before she went to London. As mirth and good humour, and

particularly dancing, had always been one characteristic of the family, when so many of us were met, being no fewer than fourteen of his children and grandchildren, we had a dance. He was then very weak in his limbs, and could not walk down stairs, but desired to be carried down to the room where we were, to see us; which he did with great cheerfulness, saying, "Though he could not dance with us, he could yet beat time with his foot;" which he did, and bid us dance as long as we could; that it was the best medicine he knew, for at the same time that it gave exercise to the body, it cheered the mind. At his usual time of going to bed, he was carried up stairs, and we ceased dancing for fear of disturbing him; but he soon sent to bid us go on, for the noise and music, so far from disturbing, that it would lull him to sleep. He had no notion of interrupting the innocent

pleasures of others, though his age hindered him to partake of it. His exemplary piety and goodness was no bar to his mirth; and he often used to say, none had so good reason to be merry and pleased, as those that served God, and obeyed his commandments.

He died of a fever in the eighty-fourth year of his age, 1724. None of our family were in Scotland but Lord Binning, who came to him the first notice from Lady Julian of his illness, and attended him to the last. As he was sitting by his bed-side, not many hours before he expired, he saw him smiling, and said, "My Lord, what are you laughing at?" He answered, "I am diverted to think what a disappointment the worms will meet with, when they come to me, expecting a good meal, and find nothing but bones." He was much extenuate, and had always been a thin clever man. He went off

without a groan, and seemed to rejoice in the expectation of his end.

My mother's concern for his loss was very great, though his age could make it no surprise to her. Her affectionate tenderness for her friends was singular upon all occasions, both in sympathizing, and assisting them as far as her purse would go; and often have I known her borrow money, when she had it not, to relieve them.

Her concern for Lord Binning's family was no less than for her own. I never knew her make a distinction in any thing could be for their interest, or even pleasure. Her particular affection to him was equal, if it did not surpass, that to her own children; of which she gave a strong proof, by cheerfully undertaking and bearing the whole burthen of our long journey to Naples, upon his account. When we came to Holland, not one of the company could

speak or understand Dutch; nor had she occasion to hear or speak it, since she left that country at the Revolution; yet she immediately recovered and recollected it, when she heard it spoke, and made herself understood so as to do all the business necessary; and seemed delighted with the remembrance of things long past, and pleased with every thing and every place she went to. When she came to Utrecht, the place of her former abode, she had the greatest pleasure in showing us every corner of the town, which seemed fresh in her memory; particularly the house she had lived in, which she had a great desire to see; but when she came there, they would not let her in, by no arguments either of words or money, for no reason but for fear of dirtying it. She offered to put off her shoes, but nothing could prevail, and she came away much mortified at her disappointment.

At Naples she showed what would have been a singular quickness of capacity and apprehension at any age, much more at hers. She knew not one word of Italian, and had servants of the country that as little understood one word she said; so that at first she was forced to call me to interpret betwixt them; but in a very little while, with only the help of a grammar and dictionary, she did the whole business of her family with her Italian servants, went to shops, bought every thing she had occasion for, and did it so well, that our acquaintances who had lived many years there, begged the favour of her to buy for them when she provided herself; thinking, and often saying, she did it to much better purpose than they could themselves.

If she could but guess what was agreeable to Lord Binning, it was done before he had time to wish for it; and

well did he deserve it from her, since no dutiful child could surpass his regard and tenderness for her upon all occasions. Not long before he died, she was so ill, that for two days she could not get out of bed to come to him; he soon missed her, and inquired earnestly after her; we made different pretences and excuses for her not coming, without owning she was ill; but he very well knew, that nothing but being very ill could keep her from him; upon which he said, with the utmost tenderness, "If any thing ails mamma," which was the name he always called her by, "I'll put my head under the clothes, and never look up again." Her sorrow for his death was most heavy, which she showed even in trifles; for never after would she wear any thing of colours. One day, in an agony of grief, she said she could have begged her bread with pleasure to have saved

his life; and nothing did she grudge or spare to contribute to the preserving it, though at a time of life when ease and quiet was more natural for her to desire.

I cannot help taking notice, that Providence particularly rewarded her for her remarkable and dutiful behaviour to her parents, by giving her children who had the like affectionate regard for her; though, thank God, they had not occasion to show it in like circumstances; and well did she deserve it from them, for their happiness was the only thing her heart was set upon with eagerness. To her grandsons, she could not deny any thing, and was fond they should appear in the world with distinction, and omitted nothing she could devise to further them this way; but yet, whenever she spoke about them, the great thing she expressed herself with most concern about, was, that they might

become virtuous and religious men. She herself was much devoted to piety, and the service of God. People who exercise themselves much this way, are often observed to contract a morose way of thinking concerning others, which she had no tincture of. Her religion improved her in charity, and patience for other people's failings, and forgiveness of injuries; and no doubt was one great source of that constant cheerfulness she was so remarkable for. If we can but copy her in this, she will still be a blessing to us, though in her grave.

She often said, her natural temper was warm and passionate; but from the time I could observe her, there appeared nothing but meekness, calmness, and resignation; and she often reproved us for the contrary. Our saying "we could not help it," was no satisfying answer to her, who told us, she

had been the same, and had conquered it.

Her duty and affection as a wife was unparalleled. I have it by me, writ in a book with her own hand, amongst many other things,—"The best of husbands, and delight of my life for forty-eight years, without one jar betwixt us, died at Oxford, (where he went for the education of his grandsons) the 6th of August 1738, and was sent home to his burying-place at Mellerstain."

I have often heard her declare, that they never had a shadow of a quarrel or misunderstanding, no, not for a moment, and that, to the last of his life, she felt the same ardent and tender love and affection for him, and the same desire to please him in the smallest trifle, that she had at their first acquaintance. Indeed, her principal and sole delight was, to watch and attend to every thing could give him pleasure, or make him easy. He never went abroad, but she

went to the window to look after him; and so she did that very day he fell ill, the last time he was abroad, never taking her eyes from him as long as he was in sight.

When she lost him, her affliction was so great, that it threw her into a dangerous fit of illness; which with joy she would have allowed herself to sink under, had she not thought her life was still necessary for the happiness of her family; as Sir Alexander Murray then threatened, by long letters writ to us, to give us a great deal of trouble and disturbance; which could not well take place, unless he outlived her. When she died, she said to me, "Now, my dear, I can die in peace, and desire nothing but to be where your father is." She was always sure they would meet, and know one another again, in another world; and often said, that without that belief, she could not support herself.

She staid near two years longer at Oxford, as long as it was thought fit for her grandsons, though the most melancholy disagreeable place she could be in, far from friends, and no business to amuse or take off her thoughts from her heavy loss, that the sedentary life she led, which she had never been used to, again threw her into a long and dangerous fit of illness, in which her life was despaired of by every one. The death of her brother, my Lord Marchmont, added greatly to her sorrow; and a misunderstanding with some of his family, (which I can give no reason for, nor any account of could satisfy any body), was very heavy upon her. She often said, I have been above seventy years in the world, never before had a quarrel with any body, and little expected it from those I thought part of my own family, and always used as such. It was no less grievous to her

brother, who was acquainted with the whole: they never had any reserve nor secrets from one another, and he was ever fully sensible of the obligations he and his whole family had to her, not only for her constant advice, and assistance to the smallest particular, often to the neglect of her own affairs, but from the time she was married to the time of my dear uncle's death, her purse and credit, when she could no otherwise supply their demands, was always at their command; till sometimes it amounted to very large sums, as appears by her books, which she kept from the time of her marriage to the last, with the clear, strict exactness of a merchant. Nor were her nephews ignorant of all this, and had often expressed their sense of obligations to her upon their own account, which are too well known, and too many to be related; so I will not here say more of a subject that was an

affliction to her as long as she lived, but set down a note I found in her pocket book, writ by her own hand.

" O God, the righteous judge, I " make my appeal to thee, who know- " est the very worst of me, and protest, " that whatsoever my mistakes or sins " have been, which cannot escape thy " sight, I never did them any injury, " nor ever gave them the least cause to " persecute me by lies.—On calumny " by my nephews and nieces of Pol- " warth, 1739."

" GRIS. BAILLIE."

I must also say, in spite of the greatest cause of resentment against them, she only showed sorrow, pity, and forgiveness; which she expressed not many hours before her death. As we sat by her bed, and hoped she was asleep, we heard her earnestly praying: amongst other things, she said, " Lord,

forgive the two brothers their injustice to me, and give them a sight of their sin and folly." When she was begged to lie quiet, and not disturb herself with those unworthy of it, "My dear," said she, "remember they are my dear brother's sons." She had indeed nothing to accuse herself with regard to them, having, with a true Christian spirit of forgiveness, done every thing in her power to bring about a reconciliation; but was rejected by them, for reasons best known to themselves, since I declare I know of none.

In 1740, we came all to London, where she exerted her usual activity in doing every thing that was proper and necessary for her grandsons going abroad: her anxious concern for their welfare appeared in every thing she did, though she took leave of them with little expectation of their meeting again.

We immediately came to Scotland:

every thing at home so continually renewed her grief, that scarce a day passed without her bursting out in tears; though she did her utmost to command herself, not to give us pain, yet it often overcame her. Every thing she saw, the improvements or amendments of any thing about the place, though she endeavoured to amuse herself by them, only served to heighten her sorrow, and could give her no satisfaction, when she considered how little enjoyment they had had of it, for whom it was all intended. One fine day, looking round, and admiring the beauties of the place, she checked herself, burst out in tears, and said, "What is all this to me, since your father does not see and enjoy it!" Such reflections she often had, and neither amusements nor business could put them out of her thoughts. As I almost always put her to bed, I can declare I never saw her lie down but with

a deep groan, and generally tears not soon to be pacified; nor could she be persuaded to take another room, choosing every thing that could put her in mind of him. She had some hundreds of his letters, he having been often at London, absent from her for many months at a time, and never missed writing one single post. She had carefully preserved them all, and set about reading of them, which put her into such fits of grief and crying, quite sunk and destroyed her, that we thought it would kill her.

She one day said, she was ashamed to be alive, after losing one that had writ her such letters, and with whom she could have been contented to live on the top of a mountain, on bread and water; and had no pleasure in any thing, but for his sake. Happy, said she, had it been for her, if she had constantly read over his letters, and go-

verned her whole actions by them. She intended sealing them up in a bag, and bid me see they were buried in the coffin with her. I begged to read some of them, which she allowed me; and I earnestly entreated they might not be buried, but preserved for the sake of his posterity; and they are now in my custody. In nothing I ever saw did I find so much to instruct, to admire, to please: they are a true picture of his heart, full of the most tender and condescending affection, just remarks and reflections, true goodness, submission to Providence, entire resignation and contentment, without cant, superstition, severity or uncharitableness to others, constant justness to all, and frugality in his private affairs for the sake of his family. From all I read, it is plain a retired life was his choice and inclination, and that he only engaged and submitted to the business and

bustle of the world, for the sake of serving his country and friends. Being from his family was ever grievous to him, and his circumstances would not admit of his always carrying them with him. But he must be ever usefully present to whoever reads those letters, in which there is the best instruction and advice upon every subject and occasion.

1742. She had at this time, by her grandsons being abroad, occasion to spare and manage to the best advantage; which when my sister and I seemed uneasy at, she said she did not grudge it at all, for she never was so easy and pleased as when her purse was empty, by paying either what she owed, or was necessary; and it was her constant rule, never to keep a shilling if she owed it to any body, and did it with as much joy and cheerfulness, as if she had been glad to get rid of her money:

though little of it was there ever paid for her own particular use, the chief concern and joy of her life being the interest and pleasure of others.

When her grandsons came home, her joy was as great as it could then be for any thing; her indulgent goodness to them, with the freedom of a friend and companion, made every thing easy to them; they had not a wish to make, she could prevent, even by often doing what was neither convenient nor agreeable to herself.

September 1744, it was thought proper her grandsons should go to London. As they were but just entering into the world, her knowledge, experience, and continual advice, could not but be of great use to them; therefore she resolved we should all go together, though she owned, and it was most natural, that her desire was, to end her days here in quiet; and it had been the de-

sire of her whole life, to live in a settled way. In several periods of it, she thought herself happy to be then fixed to her mind, and with no small trouble, to make every thing convenient and agreeable to all about her; but no sooner was that done, when either the health of some of her family, or something else, unhinged her whole projects, and made it necessary to move, that she might well say, *that here she had no continuing city.* Nor could it be agreeable, at her time of life, to enter into a new scene of fatigue and trouble, by managing so as to make a proper figure. The hazard of the journey, for her health, gave us much uneasiness; but she begged we would not trouble ourselves about that, since it was the same thing to her where she died, if it should be upon the road, (which, she said, might possibly happen), as long as she was doing what she thought right

and reasonable for the whole; and only desired we might send her home to be buried by my father; she was so much persuaded she would not return, though she never expressed herself so to us, except in general to me; often saying, how necessary it was I should make myself acquainted with the business I might soon have to do. Though I could not bear the subject, nor a distant thought of its happening, she often obliged me to assist her, for my instruction, and was at much pains to make every thing known to me.

She was always an early riser, and often recommended it to us, as the best time to perform our duty either to God or man. Though it was her own constant practice, she often said, she never in her life got up willingly,—that none could have a greater temptation for lying in bed, yet she did it not, though it was sometimes necessary for her

health, and to recruit her strength. But had she not taken that time to do her business, while my father lived, it could not have been done at all; for he could scarce ever have her out of his sight, especially the latter part of his life. Often have I wondered how she found the way to compass so much business, since she was called from it every moment, and got to it but by starts; but she was indefatigable at all times, and even at her great age, to set every thing in a clear light, for the ease of those that were to come after her; and left all things, to the greatest trifles, and memorandums from friends, so marked and writ upon, as I found them, in a way that is a sure proof that she never expected to see them again. Yet cheerfully did she set out, to hide from us her uneasiness at going from a place where she thought she was settled for the remains of her life, and as happy as

any thing then could make her. We had bad rainy weather, which made it a fatiguing disagreeable journey; but she never complained, was up first, and ordered every thing for the whole company, with an alertness and spirit beyond us all; and as she did when we came to London, that nobody else had any trouble, to the smallest trifle.

The rebellion in 1745 was a great affliction to her; the distress of her country and friends went near her heart, and made great impression on her health and spirits. Nobody could be more sensibly touched with the desolation of this poor country; yet never expressed herself with bitterness, nor resentment against the authors of it, and could not bear to hear others do so. She said, it was the judgment of God upon us, and too well deserved by all ranks; therefore we ought to submit to it, and endeavour to avert it by other

methods than railing and ill will at those that were the instruments of it. However different she was in her own way of thinking, she never heard of the distress of any without feeling for them, and remembering what she herself had suffered. Whenever she had opportunity, she continued to do what she had practised in 1715; for which she had my father's example, which to her was a law; though she wanted no other inducement but the compassion and tenderness of her own heart, which was ever ready to help those that wanted her assistance; and it was so well known, that many applied to her. Often was she grieved not to have it in her power to help them, yet she always tried, and did her utmost. The very last week of her life, she sent a servant to Newgate, to inquire after one she heard was there in distress, and to give him some relief, though she had never seen

him, but knew his friends. When the situation of things made it impossible to get any money from Scotland, and what she had was at an end, she sent for her butcher, baker, brewer, &c. whom she regularly paid every month; told them she could not then do so, and perhaps never might be able to pay them at all; of which she thought it just to give them warning, that they might choose whether they would continue to serve her. They all desired she would be in no pain, but take from them whatever she had occasion for; because they were sure, if ever she was able to pay them, she would; and if she was not, she was very welcome, which was the least they owed for such long punctual payment as they had got from her.

For some months this distress continued, though she had offers of very large supplies both from English and Scots friends; which she would not ac-

cept of, from the same uncertainty of repaying them. The occasion of her entire want of money was Mr St Clair's being ill, who had the care of her affairs, and remitting her money, till the Highlanders had possession of Edinburgh, which then put it out of his power. My nephew George had a horse which he was fond of; unknown to any body, he one day sold it, and brought her the money; though but L. 18, it was very acceptable in the family, which every one got a share of for their little necessary: but such things discomposed her little, though the general distress lay near her heart. She went little abroad, except to Lady Stanhope; and had the pleasure of all her old friends and acquaintance, as well as several new ones, coming often to her, thinking no time better spent than in her company.

Lord Cornbury, writing to Lady Hervey on her death, said, "Indeed I

" am sorry that we shall see our good
" old friend no more. I am sorry that
" weshall partake no more in the society
" of that hospitality, that benevolence,
" that good humour, that good sense,
" that cheerful dignity, the result of so
" many virtues, which were so amiable
" in her, and what did so much honour
" to humanity: and I am very sorry for
" what those must suffer at present,
" whom she had bred up to have af-
" fections, and who had so justly so
" much for her."

One might a little judge of what esteem she was in with all that knew her, from the letters we received from all quarters, and the loss many had in losing her, not only as a friend, but benefactor. She had been ill of a cold that was epidemical, but was down stairs the week before she died; was confined to her bed but a few days, and had her senses entire to the last. Two days be-

fore she died, we were all in the room: she said, " My dears, read the last chapter of the Proverbs; you know what it is." To have her grandsons happily married, lay near her heart; and I imagine it was with regard to that, she said it. I think it a very strong picture of herself; and if ever any deserved to have it said of them, she does. The next day, she called me; gave directions about some few things; said she wished to be carried home to lie by my father, but that perhaps it might be too much trouble and inconvenience to us at that season, therefore left it to me to do as I pleased; but that, in a black purse in her cabinet, I would find money sufficient to do it, which she had kept by her for that use, that whenever it happened, it might not straiten us. She added, " I have now no more to say or do;" tenderly embraced me,

and laid down her head upon the pillow, and spoke little after that.

Can my sorrow be utterable after such a loss? I am certain no number of years allotted me to live, can ever make me feel less, either of grief or wonder, when I reflect on her whole conduct. Her whole family was round her bed, and showed a lively sense of what they lost, when she breathed her last. My sister, who had been long ill, was carried out of her bed to attend her; but we were both almost incapable of doing the last duties to her; but *that* Lady Stanhope supplied, with the same tender dutifulness she had ever behaved to her; and, with a fortitude uncommon at her age, stretched and dressed her in the manner she had always directed; which was in her ordinary night clothes, and then rolled in a sheet; all which she did, without letting another hand touch her; for which,

and her tender care and concern for her mother and me, I doubt not God will reward her by the dutifulness of her own child. My mother had always expressed a dislike of the method in London, of delivering over to the undertakers for funerals, any one that died, to be ordered by them as they thought proper; therefore we were desirous that none such should come about her, or touch her; nor was she ever left by some of her family, till they saw the lead coffin soldered down. Though it rent the heart to be witness to it, we were all there, to see the last thing done that was in our power.

The concern and agitation of mind I have been under, the whole time of my writing of this, and whenever I set about it, makes me very unfit to do it at all; but my desire of putting in writing so many surprising and uncommon truths, which nobody else had the same access

to know, made me undertake it. I here declare, whatever I have said, to the best of my knowledge, to be strictly just and true; but far less than I think the subject deserves.

GRISELL BAILLIE.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

I.

AN HISTORICAL CHARACTER OF THE HONOURABLE GEORGE BAILLIE, ESQ.; BY G. CHEYNE, M. D. F. R. S.

Sunday, August 6, 1738; died at Oxford, in the 75th year of his age, the Honourable George Baillie of Jerviswood, Esq.; descended from an ancient and virtuous family in North Britain. He was a gentleman, who, in this corrupt age, did honour to human nature; and was a great instance (according to my best observation) of the efficacy of

the grace, wisdom, and power of the Almighty.

At one and the same time, he was a most zealous patriot, a very able statesman, and a most perfect Christian, that this or any age has produced; piety, charity, justice, and truth, being the basis of all his private resolves and public transactions. He considered mankind as his family, and each individual as his child, and as the image of his heavenly Father. He continued steadily in his own church and principles, when at home, and in this country; discouraging indifference and wavering in the external, as well as internal life of religion, but without rigidness and narrowness of soul; believing charity to be one of the cardinal virtues, and a guarded freedom essential to our lapsed and unrecovered natures. I had the honour of an intimate acquaintance with him, for the last thirty years of his

life. I have studied him in all the various scenes he passed through; in posts of great honour, in the troubles of private life, in health and in sickness, in business and retirement; and with great truth I can affirm, that in all these several scenes, I never knew his superior in solid virtue and just thinking.

His courage was undaunted, and his patience immovable; his piety unfeigned, and his truth exact to the greatest precision. Having been bred in the school of affliction, his compassion was never denied to those who were in distress, even by their own indiscretions. He spent the last twelve years of his life in constant meditation, contemplation, and prayer; it was truly a life hid with Christ in God. He passed through several states of purification and severe trial, unknown to common and inexperienced Christians.

His father (a few hours before his life must have been ended by the hardships of his confinement) was, for his love to his religion and country, most barbarously put to death by the severity of the then administration, and the madness of the times; whereby his estate was forfeited, and his son obliged to retire into Holland.

Coming into England with the Prince of Orange, he narrowly escaped perishing at sea; on which account, all his life after, he kept a rigorous fast once every week, spending the whole day in meditation, prayer, and praises to his Deliverer. During all the times of his great and arduous employments, he never failed, morning and night, to retire a considerable time to his closet, and prostrate himself before his Maker. His faith and trust, that the children of the righteous should never want bread, was so firm, that in all his difficulties

and misfortunes, he never saved any thing for fear of want, when the expense was charitable, necessary, or decent; and in his prosperity, he never squandered away any thing ostentatiously or uselessly.

His private charities were as great and extensive, as they were secret and constant. In short, in his rank and order, under the present lapse of human nature, and the flagrant corruption of this age and nation, he was in every thing a most perfect example to his family, to his friends, and to his country.

Bath, August 12, 1738.

The above character was printed by the author, and many copies of it distributed by him, out of his great affection, zeal, and good opinion of my

father, and without the knowledge of our family. It was reprinted at Edinburgh, many of our friends being desirous of having it.

The following lines were printed upon it, the author unknown.

Let venal pens in trifling numbers flow,
And undeserved praise on Peers bestow;
Thy panegyrics want no help of art,
Spontaneous offerings of an honest heart;
Oh happy Baillie! blest with length of days,
Well may thy happiness our envy raise;
Happy in life, more happy in thy end,
Most happy after death, in such a friend,
Thy virtues and thy worth to recommend.

II.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS FOR MR GEORGE BAILLIE.

Mr Justice Thomas Burnet, youngest son of Bishop Burnet, wrote an inscription for the front of the Monument at Mellerstain, as followeth:

BUILT BY GEORGE BAILLIE OF JERVISWOOD,
AND LADY GRISELL BAILLIE,
A. D. 1736.

The pious parents rear'd this hallowed place,
A monument for them, and for their race.
Descendants, be it your successive cares,
That no degenerate dust ere mix with their's *.

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* These lines are ascribed to W. Hamilton of Bangour, in the collection of his Poems printed at Edinburgh, 1760; in which they are entitled, "Epitaph on Mr Baillie of Jerviswood."

INSCRIPTION
BY THE REV. MR WALTER HARTE, OF ST MARY HALL *.

H. S. E.
GEORGIUS BAILLIE,
De Jerviswood Armiger:
Ex antiquâ et honestâ familiâ oriundus.
Vir
Probus, gravis, sanctus,
Civis optimus, et libertatis publicæ vindex;
Nec minùs in Angliâ, quàm in Scotiâ nostrâ,
Notus et celebratus
Ob pietatem in suos, liberalitatem in egenos,
Munificentiam in hospites, fidem in amicos,
Justitiam in omnes.
Qui
In studiis, in negotiis, in quotidiano sermone,
Suavitatem morum, severitatemque
Ita feliciter miscuit;

* In Lady Murray's Manuscript, there is a translation only of this inscription; but the original seems better worthy of preservation. It has been taken from a copy of the Inscriptions which appears to have been printed about 1750.

Ut neque hæc in acerbitatem,
Neque illa in mollitiem
Procederet.
Tanta erat illi humanitas,
Atque animi candor,
Ut nemini malediceret;
Nemini, ne quidem inimicissimis, injurias faceret:
Si quas acceperat,
Oblivisceretur.
Tanta illi oris dignitas,
Ac vis orationis et ingenii
Propè singularis;
Ut facilè sibi conciliaret
Principes Reipublicæ viros;
Quibuscum vixit familiarissimè.
Neque unquam aut amicorum conviviis,
Aut regum consiliis interfuit;
Quin maximâ,
Dum sibi minimam sumebat,
Gratiâ valeret et auctoritate.
Uxorem duxerat GRISELDAM,
Patricii Comitis de Marchmont filiam
Natu maximam;
Ex quâ suscepit filias duas,
Griseldam et Rachaelem.
Sub regno GULIELMI immortalis viri,

Nec non sub felicissimo ANNÆ imperio,
Ampliss^imis functus est procurationibus
Prosperè, integerrimè.
Regnante GEORGIO primo,
In eorum ordinem cooptatus,
Qui administrandis rebus maritimis præsidebant:
Deinde unus ex erarii præfectis constitutus.
In utroque concessu,
Munus suum curavit diligenter,
Explevit, ornavit.
Quum valetudine paullo infirmiore impeditus,
A negotiis publicis se removisset;
Eâdem magnitudine animi,
Quâ laboribus suffecerat,
Otium usurpavit.
Cùm ætatis annum
Quartum et septuagesimum implèverat,
Ex vitâ discessit
Inter lachrymas et amplexus suorum,
VIII. Id. August. MDCCXXXVIII.

III.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION FOR LADY GRISELL BAILLIE.

Sir Thomas Burnet, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, and youngest son of Bishop Burnet, wrote the following inscription for my mother, which is engraved on marble, on the left side of the Monument. He knew her well, and would have said much more, could the place have admitted of it, or had it been proper in a thing of that kind.

Here Lieth
The Right Honourable Lady Grisell Baillie,
wife of George Baillie of Jerviswood, Esq.
eldest daughter
of the Right Honourable Patrick, Earl of Marchmont;
a pattern to her sex, and an honour to her country.
She excelled in the characters of a daughter, a wife, a mother.

While an infant,
at the hazard of her own, she preserved her father's life;
who, under the rigorous persecution of arbitrary power,
sought refuge in the close confinement of a tomb,
where he was nightly supplied with necessaries, conveyed by her,
with a caution far above her years,
a courage almost above her sex;
a real instance of the so much celebrated Roman charity.
She was a shining example of conjugal affection,
that knew no dissension, felt no decline,
during almost a fifty year's union;
the dissolution of which she survived from duty, not choice.
Her conduct, as a parent,
was amiable, exemplary, successful,
to a degree not well to be expressed,
without mixing the praises of the dead with those of the living;
who desire that all praise, but of her, should be silent.
At different times she managed the affairs
of her father, her husband, her family, her relations,
with unwearied application, with happy economy,
as distant from avarice as from prodigality.
Christian piety, love of her country,
zeal for her friends, compassion for her enemies,
cheerfulness of spirit, pleasantness of conversation,
dignity of mind,
good breeding, good humour, good sense,

were the daily ornaments of an useful life,
protracted by Providence to an uncommon length,
for the benefit of all who fell within the sphere of her benevolence.
Full of years, and of good works,
she died on the 6th day of December 1746,
near the end of her 81st year,
and was buried on her birth-day, the 25th of that month.

IV.

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS WRITTEN BY SIR PATRICK HOME DURING HIS EXILE.

To his Wife.

Bourdeaux, 13 *Jan^ry.* 1686.

MADAM,

THIS is the fift that I have writen to you from this place; the first I thinke Sandy Home might give you; the 2d would come from Mis: Herbert to Madam Douglas, and so to you; the 3d would come from Madam Ralston, who I suppose is a new acquaintance of yours; the 4th, daited 25th December, came by Mis: Herbert to Mad: Douglas: the first was daited 15th November, as I remember; the 2d the 16th November; the 3d the 12th December.

In these I gave you account of my health, and truly I had never better health nor heart in my life: also I told you, that because I knew not how to direct letters to you, secure against miscarying, I would send all by Mis: Herbert to Madam Douglas unbacked, who would still know how to backe them for you, and get them to you: also I desired you, lest any of your friends should suspect your writing to me, to let Madam Douglas send all your's unbacked to Mis: Herbert, who might backe and direct for me as shee should from time to time know of my fixing in a place, as I advertise her. I did likewise desire you to deale with Madam Douglas to send me a litle money, and to cause Mrs Herbert, or her father, give in what shee can send them, to a merchand in London, and get from him a bill upon a merchand in Bourdeaux, payable to Peter Wallace

or his order; which bill, with a letter of advice upon it, is to be sent to Mr Wallas by post: if this be not done already, I wish it may be done; but I am not scarce, nor will I be these 2 months, for I have some credit here. I wrote also, that the chirurgeons are too throng for me to gaine much in this place, so I thinke not to settle here; but if your cussen Robert's freinds intend to bread him to my calling, if he were with me, I could undertake for his breading: as for his camarad, I fear it is impossible that he can be with me, so I thinke he will be for colleges: Mr Christy will do well for t'other 2, only he would change ther way of pronouncing by all meanes, to the old and common way. I thinke I have repeated the substance of my former letters; and now I beseech you let me know, as I desired in my former, if your freinds ar any better reconciled to me, and if they ar press-

ing you to bestow yourselfe crosse to your inclination, which I suppose is agreeable to your engagements to me, and I hope will never change; and if they fancy that you write to me, or I to you. Also I pray let me know how my kindred carry to you; and in these thinges be free, ful, and ingenuous, else you break my heart. Another thing I must trouble you with, and I beg your answer in itt: You know I had a pairt of my stocke in Polwart's hand, as I thinke you had of your's also. It is taken for granted here, that he was killed in the feild among the rebells, yet lately I heard it contradicted. Pray let me know the truth, and if there is any hopes, suppose him dead, that his eldest son will get his estate; what manner of a youth he is, if you thinke he will be concerned to pay his father's debts: and if he is not dead, what dealing and hope there is for the

creditores; also if his Lady and children ar like to get any favour; likewise what your freinds ar doeing for your intrest; I would thinke the Chancellar and Secretar yo^r kinsmen should endeavour something for you, and I am sure my freinds will not be able to act by themselves, but in a generall caise I hope all will speed alike. I hear these estates ar anexed to the crowne, and chamerlanes appointed; but I hope you will informe me of all, if you favour me with a line. As to your sister's children you wrote of, my advice is, and I know their constitution pretty well, that they be as cheerfully educated as is any way possible; for they ar all apt to suffer by melancholy, and that not softe, as the proverb is, especially the eldest lad and the eldest girle; but by this speciality I free not the rest, therfor speciall care would be taken to keepe them hearty and mirry, laughing,

dancing, and singing. If I were among them, I would help their mirth by a tune on the flute, which I am learning of, and pretty good at: and I dare say that I laugh more beyond measure and to excesse every day, then might doe their mother and them much good, was it parted among them; I pray, in so far as you can, let not this advice be neglected. I pray, also, let me hear how your kind mother-in-law, and good sisters and their familyes are, with Isabel, and her neices Nanse and Ann, and their concernes; and other freinds that I love, and love me. Also Madam Jonstone's family in particular, and the two Windrames, my good friends: also, if ther is any word of the rascall that killed their nephew. I have never yet got notice if the money I got from Washington be payd to him againe; I pray enquire and advertise me. Rachel's death grieved me much,

that is to say, as I am capable, but I am too hard for all blowes: yet I am sure I have some measures of kindnesse, that would keythe to my friends, could I doe them good, which my sorrow cannot; and I strive to keep the man to the fore, to serve if occasion come: but I beseech you, doe not you try your power to abate my heart, since it is your conquest; and if my studies were over, that I could come home, you should be further convinced that you only command ther, and that it should be no more mine then you please; and as I alwise remember, I hope you will not forget what has passed betwixt us, or ever thinke that I can be other then, dear Madam, your perpetually obliged and faithful servant,

PETER WALLAS.

. . . . . .

To the same.

15 *Jan.* 86.

If you have not already answered what follows, doe it now: . . . how his (Polwart's) lady and children ar in health, and what condition? if his eldest son can get a tacke or lease of any of his lands, without taking any oathes? also how my scollars and patients ar?—whom I advise to be kept merry and cheerful by any meanes, especially the eldest lad, who must use his hunting heartily; the two eldest lasses, my sweet guardians; and Richard, who ought not with right to passe a week-day without danceing, and the rest as they come to age: for lost estates can be recovered again, but health once lost by a habit of melancholy can never be recovered. . . . . So I shall put you in mind of

your promise at parting; and to oblige you to it, I must tell you I had never better health, was never merrier, and never more in love with you; for absence, I can witnes, encreases that passion: I wish you all happiness, and so much constancie as may in time make me as happy as your good will can doe; which is the sweetest wish I can conceive.

. . . . . .

To the same.

17 *Janv.* 86.

MADAM, just now I got yours of 15 Nov^r. much to my joy: I thank God that the poxe have done no hurt. I assure you there came a letter by ship with Hary . . . . . from one in this towne to Mr Alex. Home, and in it one

from me to you, so you may enquire for it. Since Mistres Herbert cannot manage my bussines, I have writ to Mad. Duglas to call for my papers from her, also an address for letters Herbert can give her: He that spoke to Ma. Duglas of me, spoke not wisely; but I will write more full after, and shall say no more now, but that I am yours with all my heart,

P. W.

. . . . . .

To the same.

Geneve, 17 *May* 1686.

. . . . . I can give none but sad [news]; our religion is now banished from France, all forced to change, and when changed, yet cannot get out of the kingdome, especially the women

and children; and now their grief and complaint is, that they had delayed to fly in the begining, while they might, and had sit their time, out of a fancie that such things could never come to passe as have since: I wish others may take a lesson, if the case draw near them.

. . . . . .

To the same.

Geneve, 12 *June* 86.

DEAREST MADAM,

YOURS of 18 April I have, and find that you have got my 2 of Mar. 12. and of 26. I have sent none since but 2 from this place, of 14 and 17 May. I am glad you have satisfied mine of January 30, as you mention: although I could heartily have redeemed the life

of my dear sweet sister with my own, yet what you write doth comfort me enough. God preserve the rest; I cannot write much on this subject: only I beg that you will cherish the rest with gentlenes and care, as I would desire to do if I wer by them, especially the two eldest, and forget not what I wrote to you before: I am sorie for other loses you tel of, but it seemes I have a broad backe can bear any thing. I have heard from my brother twice, which much satisfied mee; and hope to see him ere long, and then shall think of seeing you, and write to you of itt: So I shall now say no more; but present for me as kind respects as any man is capable of, to all you mention in your letter, and whom I have mentioned formerly in mine, and never doubt of my constant affection, after what you have formerly said, and doe now repeat; for I assure you

nothing but the grave, when it comes to be my bed as Tibbie's, will cut off my love from you, for I am vowed your's.

PETER WALLACE.

. . . . . .

To his Mother.

16 *October* 86.

MADAM,

IT is not that I am either forgetful of, or ungrate for the many kindnesses that I have met with from your L. and your family, that I have not troubled you with my letters; but among many other reasons it is one, for that the offer of my service is a most insignificant thing: but now that I have occasion of a bearer, I think you wil be satisfied to know that I am so well asI

am; I have whereupon to follow my studies, and when I come home a Doctor, of which sort of men I wish your L. may have no need, I shall be ever ready to serve my L. and you: In the mean time, I wish heartily wel to you both. I know some blame mee for taking the way I have done of getting through the world, and even some that ar my friends and kindred; but I would entreat of your L. to shew such of them as you chance to speak to, that it is good to have a litle patience, and that I say I have better reason to approve my choice then they fancie. Some of them have prejudicat opinions; some ar byassed by the tenderness of their affection, and others do not understand; but indeed all of them ought to correct themselves, and the wisest of them should consider that wisdome dwells not with them only, and that I am of age, and may perhaps see as far

in a milston as another, at least of such as my friends ar. For my owne part, I find no reason to repent my choice, but resolve to follow it out, and have no doubt to come so honestly throu the world with it, that all the honest who respect mee shall approve of mee, even these who take the greatest liberty to blame mee at this time. For such as reflect upon me rudely and uncivillie, I shall say nothing, since most who know me know also, that if such wer to speak in my hearing, they would find what would oblidge them to more modestie; and I think such reflections cannot fall out in yor L. presence. The reason I trouble your L. with this is, that I know most of my relations doe most deservedly honor you, and will be apt to be influenced by you; and I know likewise that it will be no burden to yor L. to doe mee a kindness, as mean a man as I am, since you have been

pleased to concern yourselfe so much in my sister Mis. Drumond; for which I am not able to thank your L. so much as your kindness merites of my sence of it; but I assure your L. that, if ever I be in capacitie, it shall be my study to requite all. In the mean time, I pray God to blesse your L. and your husband, and whole family, and am unchangeably (Madam) your La. most obliged and most humble servant,

P. SINCLAR.

To the Right Hon^ble
My Lady Jedburgh
These.

. . . . . .

Thoughts on the State of his Affairs.

I AM informed that the Donator to my forfaltry offers the right he has got

of my estate to my friends, with a remission for me, upon their payment to him of 90,000 M. which makes 54,000 to himselfe, and 36,000 to the King, with which his gift is burdened; and that my freinds have offered 54,000, and are inclined, rather than break up treating, to give the whole 90,000, considering that 'tis thought my creditors will give doune a third, which is calculated to 50,000 M., so that all the loss my family wil be at, is 44,000 M. My determined thoughts on this matter, in reference to my creditores, my familie, and my selfe, are these. I begin with my creditores, for that my greatest trouble and regrate, with respect to my estate, is upon their account, who, as matters now stand, can neither get stock nor interest. My debts are all most just, my greatest creditors ar my nearest relationes, and others of them have been not only very civil, but also

kind, and ready to doe me good offices, so it were not only ingrate and unkind, but likewise unjust dealing, in any of mine, to come at an interest of my estate, by diminishing what is due to my creditores; and altho they might be moved to consent, by reason of the present danger that they ar in of losing all, to quite a third, or some pairt, of what is due to them, yet to put them to such tearmes wer stil an evident defrauding of them, which, as I never intended it, so I will never assent to; for I had my fortune prettie clear of that curse, and whoever of mine get it, shall have it so too if I can. Therfor I propose, and I hope my eldest son may be gott to consent in it, that my creditores, for securing of their owne payment, may, by mediation of such as are fit for it, make a transaction and bargaine with the Donator, and advance, proportionally to the debts I owe them, the sum

to be payd him; and having got a right in the person of a trustee, such use by good management may be made of the estate, as the interest may be duly payd of the old debt and new composition. I shal say nothing of the quote of the sum, but I hope they may bargaine so as my estate may pay them the interest of both the old and new debt; and I wish ther be some superplus by year, for satisfying of pairt of the stocke; which, if it be, I would advise to be payed to such of my stranger creditores as need it most, by rule of lote among themselves for preference; and I think my relations will content themselves with their interest yearly in the meane time. All that I desire for my eldest son, is a perpetuall reversion of the right upon the sum of the whole principal debt, the old without diminution, and the new; but not at all to be burdened with the interest, which the

transactors ar to take care of having payd, by the possession, yearly; and this, as to my creditores, is all that I can say at this time.

As for my family, (I doe not mean my representation or remembrance upon the earth, for, by the children and kindred that I have, it is more then ten to one, if that faile, if God preserve mee from being a shame to them), or my houshold, I know they wil not grumble to share in my suffering, but content themselves with a narrow condition; and I hope my wife's 3000 M. by year will afford her and the children food to eat, and rayment to put on, while she lives; and as for her life, and what is of need for them more, I rest on God's good providence with great acquiescence.

Now, as to my owne part, in the information which concernes a remission, I entreat that it stand not in the way of

my creditors's bargaine; for tho they may perhaps think of it as a necessary token of kindness to me, that they procure it as an accessory to the principal bargain, yet the greatest profite I could have by it, would be a freedome of corresponding with my friends on that side the sea by letters; for I hope none think me so mad, if I had it, as once to come in the Isle, so much as secretly for a visit, while this K. of England, whom I have so deeply disobliged, reignes; and truly I am become so useless a toole, as to serving of my friends, or being stedable to them, as makes their seeking my remission not worth their while.

25 *Novr.* 86. *N. E.*

V.

NOTICES RESPECTING LADY MURRAY OF STANHOPE.

GRISELL BAILLIE, the eldest daughter of George Baillie of Jerviswood, Esq. and the Lady Grisell Home, daughter of Patrick first Earl of Marchmont, was born in the year 1693. By the death of an only brother in early infancy, she became the presumptive heiress of her father's ample fortune.

In the month of August 1710, at the age of seventeen, she was married at Edinburgh, to Mr Alexander Murray, the son and heir of Sir David Murray of Stanhope, Baronet, by the Lady Anne Bruce, daughter of Alexander Earl of Kincardine.

Mr Murray had been educated at a foreign University, and had lately returned to his own country, when he paid his addresses to Miss Baillie, and succeeded in winning her affections from rivals of much higher rank and pretensions. His appearance and manners in common society, are said to have been prepossessing and specious; but it was soon discovered, that, under a pleasing exterior, there lurked a dark, moody, and ferocious temper; or rather, perhaps, what ought to be described as a certain degree of constitutional insanity, which discoloured all his views of the conduct and character of those about him, and made him the helpless victim of the most groundless suspicions, and the most agonising and uncontroulable passions.

On the very first day after their union, the behaviour of Mr Murray began to give the greatest alarm, as well as offence,

to the lady and her family; and after the most patient endeavours to soothe and cure his distempered imagination, during many months that he continued to live in the bosom of this amiable family, and from which he at length made himself a voluntary outcast, they were driven to the painful necessity of instituting a "Process of Separation," on the ground that his wife was not in safety to live with him. To this proceeding, Mr Murray made the most obstinate resistance, and instituted a "Counter Process of Adherence;" but a formal "Decree of Separation" was at length pronounced by the Commissary Court of Edinburgh, on the 5th of March 1714.

In the course of these proceedings, the only evidence produced to establish the necessity of such a separation, consisted of several letters written by Mr Murray in the year 1713, and addressed to Mr Baillie; in which he entered

into a long and laboured, but most incoherent and ineffectual, apology for his own conduct. From these strange, desultory, and most humiliating compositions, it appears, that, at his marriage, he had been attended by an intimate friend and companion of his own, (a Mr Hamilton), who was till then unknown to the family of Jerviswood, and whom they appear never afterwards to have seen or met with:—That on the second evening after the marriage there was music and dancing, and Mr Hamilton had danced several times with Mrs Murray; when he suddenly felt himself overpowered by the most appaling apprehension, that his bride had transferred her affections from himself to his friend:—That he had drawn Mr Hamilton aside, and besought him not to dance any more, but he had made light of the request, and had proceeded to finish the dance, when supper was an-

nounced:—That during supper he laboured to suppress his feelings; but, on retiring to his room, they had burst forth in a way very deeply to offend Mrs Murray, and to call for the immediate interposition of her mother:—That in the conduct of his wife, at that or any other time, there had not been the slightest impropriety, and in her purity of mind he retained the fullest confidence; but after that fatal night he had been haunted, at intervals, with the torturing conviction that he had lost her love, and incurred her inward and unalterable displeasure:—That he was attached to her as passionately as ever*, and was anxious to atone

* There is a traditional anecdote, that when Mrs Murray sat for her picture in London, long after the Separation, the painter told her that a

for his conduct towards her; but was perpetually over-mastered by the apprehension that he never could regain her affection.

From the same letters, as well as from the pleadings of the parties, it appears, that after his marriage Mr Murray had continued to live for several months in the family of Mr Baillie; during which he had frequently relapsed into the same sullen, moody, and savage humour, which had attended the first exposure of his insane jealousy; but he asserts, and the contrary is not alleged, that he had never been guilty of any violence to the

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gentleman came frequently to his house, and would stand for an hour, with his arms folded, gazing at her likeness. This person was discovered to be her husband.

person of his wife, although it could not be disguised that his conduct and demeanour, when under the influence of his malignant star, had been such as to fill her with terror. This he treats, of course, as having been vain and unfounded; and among the circumstances to which he alludes, as having excited her alarm, but which he affects to speak of as altogether accidental and unmeaning, was his having one day put into her hands a paper of the Tatler, desiring her to read it, in a way that seemed to her very significant; and which she found to be that containing the story of the murder of Mrs Eustace by her husband *. The resemblance, in the

* Tatler, No. 172. The story is told with additional circumstances of horror, in that singular work entitled The Life of John Buncle, Esq. (by Mr Amory), Vol. ii. p. 2.

character and situation of the parties, to her own case, had evidently made a deep impression on Mrs Murray's mind; yet she and her family seem to have been willing to run every risk, in the hope of at last restoring this unhappy man to their affection and confidence. After he had withdrawn himself from their society for more than a year, he was, on his own earnest entreaty, invited to return; but after a few days, he again relapsed into the same causeless distrust of every one about him; and on again quitting the family in sullen resentment, he wrote the last of those letters which were produced in evidence against him, and which certainly exhibit a state of mind, that left to Mr Baillie and his daughter no rational alternative, but that which they reluctantly adopted.

It seems quite unnecessary to enter into more minute details and explana-

tions, on the story of this ill-fated connexion; but it may be proper to observe, that the statement which has here been drawn from the pleadings of the parties in the Action of Separation, differs in some respects from the common gossiping traditions on the subject. Thus, in a paper of anecdotes drawn up about thirty years ago, by a person who affects to have had her information from a relative of the family, it is said, that "the very day of the marriage, happening to drop her garter, it was taken up by a young gentleman, who presented it to her with an air of gallantry; and that trivial circumstance excited in Mr Murray such a storm of jealousy, that from the day of her union with him, she might likewise date that of her misery:"—That she "met with the most barbarous treatment, which she concealed with the utmost care from her parents, determined to suffer in si-

lence, and to carry her sorrows to the grave:"—That "her cheerfulness was gone, and her health visibly declined, yet such was his artful and specious behaviour in company, that no one ever suspected *him* to be the cause; Lady Grisell, however, was greatly alarmed at the change in her daughter's looks and health, and questioned her several times, but found it impossible to discover what secret grief preyed upon her." The writer goes on to narrate some accidental circumstances by means of which the brutality and violence of Mr Murray were discovered by Mrs Menzies, the governess, and revealed to Lady Grisell; who, however, on her daughter's earnest solicitation, was induced to refrain for a considerable time from informing Mr Baillie of this unhappy state of things; but when this at length was done, he was so incensed at his son-in-law, that he never rested

till he brought about a formal separation.

On the discrepancies between this account, and that which has been drawn from the more direct and authentic sources already referred to, it is unnecessary to dwell. The same writer proceeds, with more accuracy, to state, that "those unhappy circumstances having greatly depressed the youthful gaiety and lively spirits of Mrs Murray, all her family tried to amuse her; and their kind efforts, aided by the lenient effects of time, at length restored her wonted cheerfulness. The whole family went to London the following winter, and were, as usual, in the first circles; Mr Baillie's house being the resort of the best company, and the rendezvous of many of the wits of that day. Mrs Murray was young and handsome, much in fashion, and greatly admired; yet so nice a conduct did she always

observe, that no one could ever accuse her of the slightest levity, or suspect that the misfortunes of her married life could attach blame to her."

From this period, Mrs Murray was unquestionably distinguished as one of the remarkable women who graced what has been called the Augustan age of the Court of England. In the beautiful and well-known verses, entitled, "Mr Pope's Welcome from Greece," written by Gay, "upon Mr Pope's having finished his Translation of Homer's Iliad *," she is honoured with an eminent place in the groupe of "goodly dames" who first advance to hail the return of the poet:—

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* These verses were probably written in 1718; although the last volume of the English Iliad was not printed and published till 1720.

" What lady's that, to whom he gently bends?
Who knows not her? Ah! those are Wortley's eyes!
How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends,
For she distinguishes the good and wise.
The sweet-tongu'd Murray near her side attends.
Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies!
Now Hervey, fair of face, I mark full well,
With thee, Youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepel!"

The more recent annotators* on this poem, have committed a whimsical mistake, in assigning the part of the "sweet-tongu'd Murray," to the Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, who at that time must have been a school-boy. Of its true appropriation there can be no doubt; and the epithet bestowed on Mrs Murray, alludes evidently to one of the fascinating accomplishments for

* See "Additions to the Works of Alexander Pope, Esq." &c. 2 Vols. 1776;—and the editions of Pope's Works by Dr Warton and Mr Lisle Bowles.

which she was early admired, and which she retained to the latest period of her life,—when she was still accustomed to sing the native airs and ballads of her own country, with a delicacy and pathos quite peculiar to herself.

The friendship which had for several years subsisted between Mrs Murray, and her still more brilliant contemporary, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, was fated not to be more durable than that between the latter and the poet, whom they were thus united in congratulating on the completion of his greatest labour. In the year 1721, the peace of Mrs Murray's family had been painfully broken, in consequence of the brutality of a servant of her brother-in-law Lord Binning, who, in a fit of drunkenness, burst into her bed-chamber in the middle of the night, and threatened to put her instantly to death if she ventured to resist his violence.

With great courage and presence of mind, she succeeded in alarming and calling up the family; but for this crime, which was held to be a capital burglary, the man was condemned to death, though afterwards his punishment was commuted for transportation. On the subject of this escape, Lady Mary thought fit to exercise her wicked wit in an infamous ballad; which, of course, she loudly disclaimed all knowledge of, but of which her own letters to her sister Lady Mar plainly enough betray her to have been the writer. This piece of gratuitous malice, at the distance of a year or two afterwards, Mrs Murray appears to have been made aware of, and to have resented in a way that gave Lady Mary such seriousdisturbance, that she besought Lady Mar, the more intimate and valued friend of Mrs Murray, to interpose for her protection. The subject is repeatedly alluded to in the printed col-

lection of her letters, and still more pointedly in some of those that have not been published. In one of these she writes:—"I give you many thanks for the good offices you promise me with regard to Mrs Murray, and I shall think myself sincerely obliged to you, as I already am on many accounts. 'Tis very disagreeable in her to go about behaving and talking as she does, and very silly into the bargain." It is no small testimony to the character of Mrs Murray, that she was thus able to keep in check so proud and daring a spirit as that of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

In Gay's groupe of "goodly dames," there is another whom it is here more pleasing to bring into notice. Mary Lepel, afterwards Lady Hervey, so prettily and so attractively characterised by the poet, was early the intimate friend of Mrs Murray; and of their firm and sincere attachment, to the close of their

lives, she has left behind her, in her letters lately published, the most pleasing and unequivocal testimony.

In 1724, Mr Murray, now Sir Alexander, succeeded to the property of his father; but this event could, of course, produce no alteration in the conduct of Lady Murray and her family. The same ill-regulated mind which had wrecked his domestic happiness, appears to have proved fatal to his fortunes in all other respects. The family estate, in itself of moderate value, seems to have been wasted in wild and unprosperous schemes of improvement; and he became a needy and desperate projector, whose vain hopes of recovery from ruin, depended on the acquiescence and co-operation of Government in his plans of national aggrandisement. The pamphlets of which he was the author, as well as his numberless petitions, remonstrances, and me-

morials, addressed to Parliament, and to the ministers of the Crown, display some degree of cleverness, with a liberality and extent of view, which excite a sincere regret that they should have been allied to so much absurd, impracticable, and crazy speculation *.

On the death of Mr Baillie in 1738,

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* The following title of one of Sir Alexander Murray's publications, may serve as a fair specimen of their nature and utility:—

"The True Interest of Great Britain, Ireland, and our Plantations: or, A Proposal for making such an Union between Great Britain and Ireland, and all our Plantations, as that already made betwixt Scotland and England; whereby the Attempts and Endeavours of Foreign Powers and Domestic Factions, towards Dividing, Disuniting, Weakening, and Dismembering us, may be prevented. And a New Method of Husbandry, by Greater and Lesser Canals: whereby the present Value and Product of our Lands and Waters, may, in five or six years, be, at an average, at least

Lady Murray succeeded to the estates of the family, subject to the "life-rent" of her mother, Lady Grisell Baillie, "to whom, for the special love, favour, and affection he had, and bore to her, and in consideration that she had been to him a most loving, affectionate, and

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quadrupled: The Publick Debts may be paid off; and such of our Taxes, as are most Burthensome and Hurtful to our Trade and Industry, removed. And all this at an expence of Money and Labour, at the utmost Extent, within *Britain*, not exceeding Three or Four years of the ordinary expense of Money and Labour, now, at an average, annually bestowed upon our Lands and Waters. With Proposals for Removing the Hurtful Parts of the Heritable Courts and Jurisdictions, and of the present Holdings and Tenures of Lands in *Scotland*, and other such Obstructions to all Good Law, Power, Government, Union, Industry, and Improvements whatsoever. By Sir Alexander Murray of Stanhope, Baronet.—London, Printed for the Author, in the year MDCCXL."

useful wife," Mr Baillie had secured the income of his whole property. On Lady Grisell's death in 1746, Lady Murray came into the full possession of her father's estates, but continued to live in family with her sister, Lady Binning, to whom, and to her second son, the estates were destined, on the failure of the elder sister without children.

In the summer of 1757, Lady Hervey made a journey into Scotland, to pass a few months with "her dearest and oldest friends, Lady Murray and her family;" a visit which appears to have afforded to both parties very high gratification. They probably never afterwards met again: Lady Murray died in June 1759, to the extreme grief of her relatives, by whom she was entirely beloved, but lamented by none beyond the circle of her own family more deeply than by Lady Hervey;

who, in the following letters *, (with which these desultory notices shall be closed), has given the portraiture of her friend, with a degree of force, discrimination, and feeling, that stamp on it the genuine impress of truth, and attest the perfect sincerity of the amiable and accomplished writer.

. . . . . .

London, the 21st June 1759.

"Oh, good Sir! I cannot answer your letters, your questions, nor say any thing of the receipt you kindly sent

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* See "Letters of Mary Lepel, Lady Hervey, with a Memoir and Illustrative Notes.—London, 1821." The Letters are addressed to the Reverend Edmund Morris, a clergyman, who had been the tutor of her sons. It is hoped that, to the very intelligent Editor, no apology will be thought necessary for the use here made of his interesting publication.

me. I am fit or able to do nothing whatever. I have lost the first friend I had—the kindest, best, and most valuable one I ever had!—Poor Lady Murray, with whom I have lived above forty years in the strictest friendship; in the whole course of which time we never had the least coolness—but our affection continued increasing: she is gone!—quite gone!—I shall never see her more!' . . . . .

. . . . . .

London, July the 17th 1759.

"I AM much obliged to you, dear sir, for your long letter, so kindly meant, and so well wrote, in its way: I take it as it was meant; and therefore thank you for it, as a proof of your good will to me: but allow me to say, that, whoever is comforted for any loss by such sort of reasoning, does not want to be comforted. The whole turns on sup-

positions, which I am far from thinking as probable as you seem to think them: but supposing, for I cannot grant all you say to be truth, had we that reason, which we certainly have not, yet reason itself is no match for passion or sentiment; and, wherever the latter are too strong, the former, depend upon it, will always be found to be too weak. In the first struggle, every one allows that sentiment is the strongest; but that reason, by its superior strength, surmounts it before the conflict is over. The truth is, that passion and sentiment are very generally short-lived in most minds; and when they begin of themselves to decay, reason has the honour of it.

"What do you mean by saying that she had lived as long as it could be supposed her faculties would have lasted? She was but sixty-seven; had every sense and faculty as perfect as at twenty-seven. Her mother, who lived till eighty-one,

was the same: I saw and heard old Lady Grisel, six months before she died, as lively, as entertaining, as sagacious, and with all her senses as perfect as ever: and Lady Grisel's father, who lived till a good deal above ninety *, I have heard Lady Grisel say, had his understanding, judgment, and memory perfect to the last. Had I not reason, when she came of so long-lived a family, to flatter myself as I did, that, seeming herself so strong, she would have lived as long as the others? But, alas! she was not strong: it was spirits that we took for strength, and that deceived her, and all of us. She is to me an irreparable loss.

" Never, in my long life, did I ever meet with a creature, in all respects, like her: many have excelled her, perhaps, in particular qualities; but none,

* See above, p. 78.

that ever I met with, have equalled her in all. Sound, good sense, strong judgment, great sagacity, strict honour, truth, and sincerity; a most affectionate disposition of mind; constant and steady; not obstinate; great indulgence to others; a most sweet, cheerful temper; and a sort of liveliness and good humour, that promoted innocent mirth wherever she came: and, with all this, her nature, or her understanding, or both, gave her such an attention to every thing, and every body, that neither when she was most vexed (and many vexations she had), nor when in her highest spirits, did she ever say or do a thing that could offend or hurt any one. In forty years, and as much as we lived together, she never said or did the least thing to me, that, from any reason in the world, I could have wished undone or unsaid. Of no other person, that I ever had any connection with, can I say the same. Inadver-

tence, ill-humour, or too much spirits will, in most people, at some time or other, make them do or say, what may hurt, at least for a time, their best friends. But she had a kind of delicacy in her way of thinking, accompanied by a reflection so quick, that though she seemed to speak without considering beforehand, she could not, had she considered ever so long, have more dexterously and more effectually avoided the least thing that could either directly or obliquely have made any one uneasy or out of countenance. Oh! she was —— what was she not?—but 'tis all over."

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